# CONTEMPORARY RAJASTHANI POETRY

Translated, with an Introduction, by

Foreword by V K GOKAK

RAJASTHANI BHASHA SAHITYA SANGAM (ACADEMY)
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#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

It was with a view to making the contemporary Rajasthani poetry known to the readers of other languages of India, and of the world approachable only through the medium of English, that the Rajasthani Bhasha Sahitya Sangam (Academy) decided to publish this anthology. Prof. I. K. Sharma, who had earlier edited the Rajasthan number of 'Poet', which contained translations of some Rajasthani poems done by him, was naturally thought to be the best choice for this prestigious project. It is certainly a pleasure for us to see the task finally accomplished.

As indicated by him in the Introduction Prof. Sharma took up the work of translation not by any set pattern or by having any outlines before him. He took up poems as they caught his fancy during the course of his reading, or appealed to him because of their peculiarity of style and newness of thought-content, and mode of expression. As such, the collection is neither intended to be nor should be taken as a representative one. Being a publication of the Academy, we would have very much liked to see it as representative of all major trends in Rajasthani Poetry. Circumstances permitting, attempts will be made in future to bring out more volumes in this series so as to include those poets who deserve to be included.

We hope, the book being the first of its kind in Rajasthan will be received in literary circles in the spirit in which it has been prepared and presented.

Rawat Saraswat

Chairman

Akha Teej 1979 Rajasthani Bhasha Sahitya Sangam (Academy) BIKANER "If one is uneducated in one's own literature one cannot hope to acquire education in any serious sense by dabbling in, or by assiduously frequenting, any other."

F R Leavis

## TO THE MEMORY

OF MY MOTHER



#### **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

No book can be completed without the co-operation and good-will of friends and institutions. This applies to this book too; I wish to record here my debt and gratitude to them both.

I am grateful to the Rajasthani Bhasha Sahitya Sangam (Academy), Bikaner, for having given me this project. I also take this opportunity to express my grateful thanks to Shri Rawat Saraswat for his valuable co-operation in collecting the material for this book.

I owe a special debt to Prof. V K Gokak for not only readily consenting to write a foreword to this volume but also for making certain perceptive observations on the salient features of contemporary Rajasthani poetry. His foreword is indeed a great gesture of love to me, to Rajasthan, and to Rajasthani. Who knows his foreword may as well inaugurate a new era for Rajasthani in her homeland?

IKS

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#### **FOREWORD**

Shri I. K. Sharma, who has himself been writing Indian poetry in English, has placed his talents at the service of the poetry in his mother tongue. He wrote an essay for the Sahitya Akademi on contemporary poetry in Rajasthan. He has now prepared a carefully selected anthology of contemporary Rajasthani lyrics and translated them into English. This is a foreword to the anthology in English translation.

Rajasthan has been the land of heroism, chivalry, romance and high tragedy, through the ages. The Middle Ages in India derive much of their colourfulness and grandeur from the annals of Rajasthan. But many must have wondered, as I used to do, in what manner modern Rajasthan is related to its medieval glory. To read this volume of lyrics is to find a deeply satisfying answer to this perplexing question.

Narain Singh Bhati's Miran reveals to us the reverence and pride with which modern Rajasthan looks up to Miran. Addressing Lord Krishna, she is made to say:

"I wrote off all the magic bonds of my wedding

And took off the ties of my mortgaged life-You do not know How in loving you this maddened fish Has crossed the unknown seas."

'Suman' writes on Maharana Pratap's war horse, Chetak and on Panna, the Saviour. We experience a perfect sense of harmony with the Rajasthani poet who is thrilled by the annals of Rajasthan.

Contrasted with this response to his history, the Rajasthani poet's response to his geography and immediate environment is full of a sense of poignant tragedy and unbending heroism.

Life, says Chandra Singh, is "trapped in a pit of fire". When a loo blows

"The camel that goes without water For days together,
Rushes, in the high days of loo,
Three times a day to water."

The mere sight of a cloud will send a son of the soil into raptures:

"Vadali (cloud) came down from heaven
Like a maid from a well
who, seeing her sweetheart before her,
Leaned with her pot and fell."

Tej Singh Jodha's Peenau Sanp exposes a local horror, which may be either fact or fiction. Kanhaiya

Lal Sethia, who seems to specialise in Haiku-like brief lyrics, has a pretty one on Day:

"Time tills the sky with the plough of the moon

Driven by the buffalo of darkness
And sows the seeds of stars:
Then grows
The golden harvest of Day."

In The Dark Fortnight, Nand Bhardwaj has given us a desparate picture of the typical Rajasthani village:

"A poor souvenir of Time

Left behind under the starry sky."

It is not as though the Rajasthani poet does not find time to be at ease in the midst of universal values and have some innocent fun. There is interesting brooding over love in Madan Gopal Sharma's The Wedge and good fun in Kishore Kalpana Kant's The Bachelor Lover. The Indiawide fraility of using English words, while speaking the mother-tongue, is made fun of in Vimlesh's poem A Lecture On The Hindi Divas. Satya Prakash Joshi has a poem on Words which are "endowed with blood". Kanhaiya Lal Sethia writes on Poetry and says that it is

"a brand from the blazing fire burning in man's heart."

But this does not last for long. Tragedy, sarcasm. and indignation once more draw the Rajasthani poets back to themselves. It could not have been otherwise. A region which said "my head is bloody but unbowed" when it faced a mighty enemy for centuries in feudal times, cannot be expected to sit speechless and crest-fallen when many of our own representative in the 'largest democracy of the world' become our worst enemy on our own soil. The exquisite irony of Vimlesh's Friendly Advice. the grim horror and sense of tragedy that spend themselves in magnificent satire and vituperation in Ustad's Freedom and The Parliament Of Liars are too poignant to be forgotten. There is Mani Madhukar's Three Cheers For Vietnam in which he admires the heroism of a little nation which challenged a mighty power on earth. The scales, even of feudal glory, drop from the eyes of Rawat Saraswat who, in Famine exclaims.

"Those kings and queens gave away the jagirs.

These leaders of both sexes issue permits. Neither the style of work nor the times.

Separate that from this-

Those who were starving, weak, and innocent,

Are starving, weak, and innocent even today."

And the poet concludes this observation with saying:

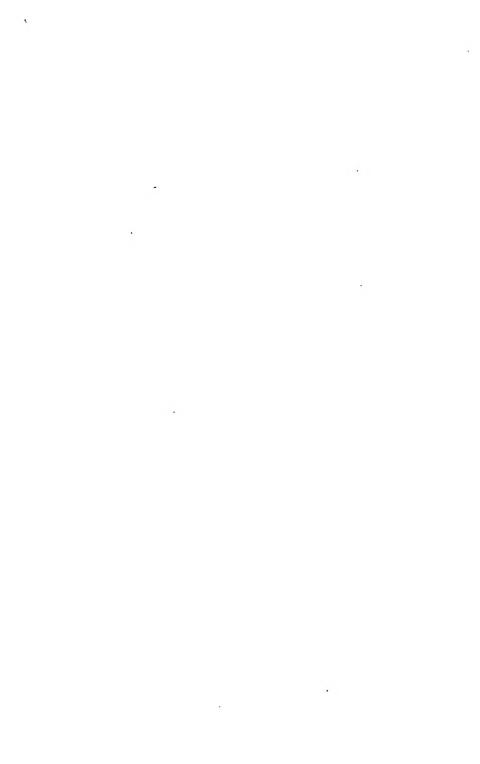
"Sons of sand!
Rise and make men of yourselves!
Your kicks will turn the tide of the times."

Modern Rajasthani poetry may not probably be more than half a century old. May be, the dawn of its renaissance has not lingered for long like a polar dawn on the horizon, revelling in the romance of colour. But one realises with deep satisfaction how beautifully it has allowed all the major movements in Indian life and letters to play on the heart-strings of its gifted singers and evoke from them such sweet, subtle and resonant music.

I feel sure that every lover of Indian poetry would like to read this bunch of poems and renew the pleasure for himself and others from time to time.

#### VINAYAK KRISHNA GOKAK

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#### INTRODUCTION

T

Some years ago I edited the Rajasthan number of *Poet*. That small venture created a sensation in the literary circles of Rajasthan since it was the first attempt to project the poets of Rajasthan to the outside world. Many people outside the state came to know for the first time that a language like Rajasthani exists and flourishes in Rajasthan. All along they were under the impression that Rajasthan was out and out a Hindi-speaking state.

This confusion was mainly caused by the use of a new bifocal term, Rajasthani, which meant both: (i) the writers of Hindi, Rajasthani, Urdu, Sindhi Rajasthan, and (ii) the living in Rajasthani language. Earlier, the name that was commonly used for Rajasthani was Marwari or Maruvani. To put it in alignment with other languages (following one one Language formula) State. a new 'Rajasthani' was coined keeping in view the other names like Kashmiri, Panjabi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali etc. Rajputana (the State) became Rajasthan and Marwari (the Language) became Rajasthani. This geo-political re-christening of the language covered all literatures written so far under different names: Mewati (Alwar), Dundhadi (Jaipur), Marwari (Bikaner and Jodhpur), Mewari (Udaipur), and Hadoti (Kota, Bundi, and Ihalawar).

However, it should not lead a reader to believe that Rajasthani poetry is as new as the word 'Rajasthan'. The word 'Rajasthan', politically speaking, is thirty years old and historically speaking, about hundred years old. But the history of Rajasthani poetry is more than seven hundred years old. The richness of this literature, though not much known to the modern reader, can be judged from the fact that Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya, paying compliments to it, observed: "It is essential for the modern Indian youth to study Rajasthani literature... I am eagerly awaiting the day when a full-fledged department of Rajasthani will be established in the Hindu University..." (translation mine) Tagore, deeply impressed by its distinctive flavour, said: "The Bhakti literature we find in every province. Everywhere the poets sang of Radha and Krishna in a key of their own. But the literature that Rajasthan created out of her blood is unique. And it is not without reason...The heroic sentiment and emotion, enshrined in every little song of Rajasthani language, is the original asset of Rajasthan, and the pride of India at large. It is spontaneous, sincere, and nearer to nature. My friend Kshitimohan Sen introduced me to Hindi poetry. Today I have got a new thing. These stirring songs gave me quite a new approach to literature."2

Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, in his foreword written in Rajasthani to a book in Rajasthani, commented:

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Udairaj Ujjwal, Rajasthani Bhasha, 1960, p. 5

<sup>2</sup> Modern Review, Vol. LXIV, (Sept. 1938), p. 710.

"To take pride in the ancient Marwari literature of Rajasthan is the bounden duty, not of the Rajasthanis but also of all the Indians. In the garden of medieval culture and literature, the only literature that flowers and is also beautiful is that of Dingal literature. Its pieces of poetry laden with fragrance and colour once adorned the garden of Indian literature."3 (translation mine) But it is highly ironical that no university in Rajasthan has so full-fledged department far established a Rajasthani. (Even in Jodhpur university it is an apology of a department!) Resolutions, very polite and pious, regarding the opening of the department in state universities have been passed. But they pathetically await their implementation in dusty cup-boards. Like stale food they are 'mouldering in the larder'.

When other languages are striving hard to push their frontiers ahead—and at the present political moment all their efforts are directed to one end: to prove themselves international—it is regrettable that Rajasthani has to fight for her survival in her homeland. The generous landlady has been systematically brought down to the status of a despicable tenant and is allotted a poor tenement in the sprawling bungalow near the backwall. Now she depends for her upkeep and general welfare on the fickle charity of the new lord. Savagely unfair!

<sup>3</sup> Chandra Singh, LOO

Rajasthan, unlike many states of India, is a multi-lingual state. Here Hindi, Urdu, Sindhi, Panjabi, besides Rajasthani, are used as a means of day-today transaction and also of literary creation. Out of approximately thirty million people more than twenty million use Rajasthani in their everyday life. People living in thatched huts in remote parts of Rajasthan and those living in modern bungalows in big towns speak this language, with minor variations, with perfect ease and understanding.

During the thirty years (1947-77), about three hundred books of poetry, about fifty collections of short stories, and a dozen novels, according to a conservative estimate. have appeared. achievement may not appear, at first glance, very striking. But it is, of course, highly creditable that the Rajasthani writer accomplished so much although he was pitted against a set of harsh circumstances. He laboured under the curse of non-recognition: his language had no recognition at the national level, he had no recognition at home. He was booed and brushed aside, was declared senile or infantile by the new literary high-brows and their camp-followers. In such circumstances a literature without its inner strength and strong fibre would have withered away. The high-brow hostility and indifference, on the contrary, stirred the Rajasthani writer to quiet, steady work, and he, sure of himself and with trust in his future, wormed his way through this painful period.

The man who waged an undeclared jehad against the injustice done to Rajasthani was Rawat Saraswat. He raised his banner of revolt by floating a literary journal Maruvani in 1953. Through this medium he attracted all the wandering talents to a common platform and asked them, more by example than by precept, to rededicate themselves to the cause of Rajasthani. He converted the wavering to his point of view and activated the flagging. His efforts soon spread a new wave of hope among writers, and the opponents who dreamed that Rajasthani would die of neglect and senescence, suffered a severe setback. The period of moults was mistaken for a period of serious ailment.

Right from the days of the freedom movement the Rajasthani poet had been in the vanguard of national literature. In 1944 Meghraj Mukul sang his famous poem Sainani at Dinajpur. Commenting on it, I wrote: "As Addison brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries and took it to tea-tables and coffee-houses so Mukul brought Rajasthani out of courts and libraries and took it straight to the broad highway of national literature. Sainani became a craze and the whole generation went Mukul-mad. Even at present whenever a little disturbing sound is heard on the borders of this country, many mini-Mukuls go out into the street singing a hundred variations of the same In the thirties Rajasthani was extensively exploited by the politicians. Jai Narain Vyas, Hira

<sup>4</sup> Indian Literature, Vol. XVII, No. 3, p. 31.

Lal Shastri, Manik Lal Verma, Bhairon Lal 'Kala Badal', and a host of other poet-politicians composed patriotic songs to inspire and establish direct contact with, the masses. The people's language was used by the people, for the people. Great patriotic speeches flowed from the public platforms. But after Independence when Rajasthani did not get its due, Ganesh Lal Vyas 'Ustad', who is known for his candour, lamented:

When the work is done Rajasthani is crushed under the chair-

On the front of creative literature too, the pen had not run dry. In 1941—this year is as important in the history of Rajasthani literature as the year 1798 in the history of English literature—a poet, who was and is defiantly unsocial, came out with a slim volume of poetry. It was Vadali or Badali. The poet was Chandra Singh. The book at once caught the imagination of poetry lovers in India and they hailed it as a great literary masterpiece that had appeared after a long interval. Later, the book won him the 'Ratnakar Puraskar' & 'Baldeodas Padak' of Nagri Pracharini Sabha, Kashi-The poet established the language and the language in turn established the poet.

Chandra Singh is undoubtedly the father of modern Rajasthani poetry. As it is difficult to write about communism without bringing in Marx, so it is well nigh impossible to write on contemporary Rajasthani poetry without referring to Chandra Singh. With him one age ends and another begins.

His Vadali made him the most popular and most towering poet in the pantheon of Rajasthani literature. Vadali, written in a traditional style, became a household word. Interestingly enough, the creation soon submerged the creator: Chandra Singh was known and called by the name 'Vadali' in his own region. Also, during the leisurely conversation and the sessions of evening gossip the people at large quoted couplet after couplet, without knowing the poet, from his book. It was doubtless a a real triumph of writing. This book, besides being valuable for its poetry, is fascinating for its intimate tone, and exhilarating for its panoramic portrayal of desert life. As long as a fleeting cloud remains an object of temptation in Rajasthan, this book will neither age nor superannuate.

Another book of enduring value of Chandra Singh is LOO that appeared, after over a decade of poetic silence, in 1953. Again, the theme is nature but the dimension is different. Commenting upon this book, the late Suniti Kumar Chatterjee wrote in a foreword to the book: "Now comes his second book of poetry with an awful and formidable message of LOO (Hot Winds), a speciality of Marudesh. Loo and clouds are complimentary as if they are Shiv and Shakti, the symbols of life and death...

"In these poems the poet Shri Chandrasinghji has created a new world where the use of language side by side with emotion is a thing to watch and admire." (translation mine) A few couplets I have

included in this anthology will justify, I hope, his observation.

Chandra Singh thus combined in himself the three roles of saviour, path-finder, and mentor. He saved Rajasthani poetry from sinking deep into the quagmire of local, domestic, and feudal themes. To him goes the honour of releasing it from the prison-house of sowrd and sycophancy, churn and quern, where the genius of the Rajasthani poet was for long cribbed and confined. For the first time the poet looked up to the sky and wrote, without the fear of a mad and muddled landlord, as his fancy deemed it fit. Quietly, and significantly that too, Chandra Singh worked out a revolution that changed the course of Rajasthani poetry. Nature remained no more a mere vassal of, an ally to, the chosen theme: it became an independent subject of poetry. This innovation finally gave him the higher role of mentor whom every promising apprentice approached for inspiration and guidance.

Nature thus became a pet subject with every upcoming poet. It is interesting to note that many poets took it to be a mission of their life to pay homage, howsoever puerile that might be, to Nature. Nanu Ram Sanskarata, Narain Singh Bhati, Sumer Singh Shekhawat, Gajanan Verma, Kanhaiya Lal Sethia and others tried their hand at depicting the various moods of nature: summer, winter, rainy season, dawn, dust-storm, and dark clouds were made the themes of their poetry. But none could

match the genius of Chandra Singh in the precision and dignity of diction and in the newness and brilliance of images. The habit of treading the same track finally led to a ludicrous situation: a poet, in his attempt to outdo all others, merely enumerated in a poem the benefits of the various trees found in Rajasthan. What a fall, my countryman!

Another figure of considerable standing is Ganesh Lal Vyas, popularly known as 'Ustad'—the poets' poet. He is the exact opposite of Chandra Singh. Instead of looking to the forces of nature for nspiration, Ustad looked to the forces of society that have a direct bearing on the life of human beings. He represents the heroic spirit of Rajasthan without its feudal trappings. Words tipped with fire tumbled from his pen. He made poetry (broadly speaking, literature) a powerful instrument of transforming human society. True, he did not assimilate the ultimate truth; however, he exposed the immediate falsehoods. All that was spurious, doublefaced, and corrupt in society he relentlessly lashed out at with gusto and with 'disgusto'. He was a deadly enemy of feudalism and a bitter foe of capitalism. Therefore, some critics who see more ideology than conviction, more tactics than compulsions of time and personality in the writer, dubbed communist in a hurry. But those critics who are familiar with the Indian literary scene know it fairly well that the Indian writer had already turned his critical attention to the problems of Indian society. Tagore had given a clarion call to the writer in his

well-know Gitanjali; Mulk Raj Anand had published his famous Untouchable: Prem Chand had brought out Godan.

Ustad was a true poet of the people, their unyielding champion. He lived iron and wrote steel. Never in his life was he motivated by the considerations of money, fame, or friendship. Hence, no book of his poems could appear during his life-time. (A collection of his poems was brought out after his death by the Rajasthan Bhasa Prachar Sabha, Jaipur). This poet embodies all fire and thunder, all the masculine energy and the muscular anger of Rajasthani poetry. The posture of defiance and radicalism of the new generation of poets appears a pale smudgy imitation of his.

Ustad began his poetic career when India was struggling to gain freedom, when the dumb-driven people of his Jodhpur state were fighting to throw off the feudal yoke. His fight thus was directed against two unscrupulous enemies. Hence the figure that always floated before his mind's eye was that of a humble man, a drained man, a helpless man who needed words of strength and courage. The long fight consequently toughened his spirit and freed him in the process from all dross. He became a living institution of transparent anger. Nothing then escaped his attention. His pen recorded every minor sensation of his heart.

There is sufficient evidence to prove that Ustad gave a whole-hearted, full-throated support to the

government when it took measures to ameliorate the living condition of the masses. This was soon after Independence. Of a sudden there was a change in his attitude. He became hypercritical of the government. It however does not go to prove that there was any change in his value-scheme. His sympathies were where they were. The change occurred because he felt cheated by his own great dreams. His great expectations led to a great disappointment. Irrepressible poet that he was, it was beyond his power to put up with knaves and charlatans, quacks and crooks, hoaxes and swindlers of multiple hues scattered all over the country. His pen spared none. Even Nehru could not escape his poetic censure. He wrote:

They have duped the public this new blood practises all forms of trickery,

even Nehru's vision is jaundiced: this house, therefore is bound to tumble down.

How true, how assertive, and how prophetic!

The chief force that animates his poetry is his total identification with the common man. It is on this account that his poetry never grates; rather, it casts a rugged charm of its own on the reader. To apply the scale of aesthetics blindly to his poetry will therefore be an act of elaborate foolishness. He was the angry old man of Rajasthani poetry fiercely

sincere to his finger tips who used his ammunition never on a housefly but always on the hungry wolves.

I have dwelt mainly on these two poets because they represent the two main streams of Rajasthani poetry. many poets included in this book and also those outside of it, owe a substantial debt to these two titanic figures. However, I do not wish to suggest that the new poets were vigorously tied down to the apron-strings of these poets. They evolved in their own way and fashioned themselves according to their background and aptitude. But how can one tend to overlook the pervasive influence of the old guards? How can one question their seniority, their innovation, and their achievement? Another figure that deserves our critical attention is Vishwanath Sharma 'Vimlesh' He can claim to be close to Ustad in his mission of life. But the road he chooses to follow is irrevocably different. Like Ustad, he castigates the ills and enemies of society but his weapons are with, humour, farce, satire, and caricature. Sometimes he blows up his object with an exaggerated humour and sometimes he slices it off neatly with a sharp satirical blade. He is the laughing wizard of Rajasthani poetry who can keep vast multitudes of people under his spell for hours with his superb sallies of humour. The crowd he attracts wherever he goes is a thing to be seen to be believed. Although fifty, he retains the buoyancy and zest of an adolescent and the sense of wonder of a child.

Brought up in a region where water is scarce and gold is in plenty, his poetry incidently acquires the limpid character of the one and the alluring character of the other: it at once tempts and satisfies. The material of his poetry is thoroughly indigenous, drawn from the life around: the mannerisms of seths, the stupid pleasures of grasswidows, the cunning of beggars and politicians, and also what the newspaper supplies: the language fanatics, the political elections, the ads, fads, fashions, and stunts. An example will not be out of place here.

Before the emergency, the one institution whose ghostly unholy hand was seen (day in and day out) everywhere wherever anything went wrong in India, was CIA. Vimlesh trivializes this situation by establishing far-fetched connections.

Today I had a sudden strain in my right knee.
What's the reason?

Wife said: today son also came from school early during interval.

These two events took place at the same time.

I think

the CIA must be at the back of them.

His book Nau Ras Main Ras Hasya is replete with examples of this kind. He is a Puck sitting with crackers on the roadside watching unblinkingly at the rolling ripples of mankind and aiming unerringly at those who err and falter. Other prominent practioners of this art are Buddhi Prakash, Anna, Ram 'Sudama,' Satya Narain Prabhakar 'Aman,' who, through their satirical writings, successfully show the inconsistencies and incongruities of Indian life and character

Well, many poets saunter about the corridors of history in our time in quest of characters who can fit into their poetic vision and at the same time give them a sense of belonging to the community. Their looking back in time however is not nostalgia, a mere weeping for paradise lost. It is pure, natural love for the land one belongs to—the land which Kipling called "One spot beloved above all". Their history and culture, despite a series of ups and downs in past, give them no sense of grief nor any depression as is felt today by many European and American writers. An American poet wrote: "I write about myself, my home, my street, and my city, and not about 'America', the word that is the chief enemy of modern poetry". On the contrary, Rajasthani poet would say: "I write myself, my home, my street, my city, and also about Rajasthan which is 'one spot...beloved above all". He writes about Pratap, Durgadas, Chetak, Mirah, Panna and others who, with the passage of time, have become the by words of bravery, devotion, fidelity, sacrifice or any of the higher virtues humankind is capable of. It is no hero-worship: it is a worship of the abstract virtues seen concretized in human for. It matters little then whether the pivot of the poem is Pratap or Prometheus, Saint Joan or Mira, Gandhi or Lincoln, Saitan Singh or Napoleon.

The poets rooted in this tradition are Banwari Lal Mishra 'Suman', Narain Singh Bhati, Girdhari Singh Parihar, Nathu Singh Mahiyaria, and a few others. These poets have written not short (as is the English tradition) but long poems of epic dimension. A few of these poets followed the style of oral poetry, that is they repeat a leading line at the end of each stanza. The chief virtue of this repetition is that it bridges the gulf in a great measure between the reader and the poet. This kind of poetry is not only to be read; it is to be read aloud.

Some modernists, on the other hand, have written poems in free verse. And their number is increasing day by day. A few poems of this genre included in this anthology will give the reader a glimpse into the Rajastnan that was.

This brief sketch of contemporary poetry will not be complete without a remark or two on the young brigade of poets led by Mani Madhukar (who has won the Central Sahitya Akademy Awrad), Paras Arora, Tej Singh Jodha, Nand Bharadwaj, Rameshwar Dayal Shrimali (who has recently won an award of the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy), and others. These poets are university graduates, and they are quite familiar with the literature written beyond the frontiers of this country. From China to Chile, from Spain to Japan—all literature that comes into

the country is their delectable dish. T. S. Eliot, Mayakovsky, Shelley, Tolstoy, Kierkeggard, Ezra Pound, Chekov, Kafka, Sartre, Camus, and a score of other names are not new to them. Unconsciously, they have absorbed their mood, tone, style, and outlook. Like their counterparts abroad, they too make bold experiments in technique and coin new words to convey new experiences. They have introduced a wide variety of themes and idioms into Rajasthani poetry.

All that was old
was burnt to ashes.
the new leaves sprout everywhere.
(The Awakening: Paras Arora)

Whether they write about their village or about an incident at a far-off place, their style and tone are evidently much different from that of the poets of the preceding generation. English words too find a respectable place in their poetry. These poets are the ambassadors of new ideas, conveyers of new agonies, and also the bridge-builders between hearts nurtured on different ideologies and systems. The cross-fertilization of cultures that is taking place on a large scale in the modern world, despite its opposition, has begun to make its impact, howsoever slow and imperceptible at the moment, on their poetry.

Rajasthani poetry, for that matter, literature, has lagged behind a little not only because the politicians

had let it down at the crucial hour but also because the English-knowing intellectuals of the state did, not care to serve their language and literature. These intellectuals showed no interest in, or concern for, the writings right under their very nose. Each Indian language, on the other hand, had a Tagore, a Subramanyam Bharati, a Gokak, an Amrita Pritam, a Sankara Kurup, a Firaq, a Bachchan but unfortunately Rajasthani had none. It was solely left to the care of the old professionals. The time thus lost in the race can be made up if gifted writers, not ambitious writers with divided loyalties, come forward with sincerity, zest, will, and foresight.

#### III

This anthology, I believe, gives a fair representation to the poets of the old order, the new order, and the middle order—from Chandra Singh to Chandra Prakash. Many poets do not find a place in it: the only reason is the limitations of space and of the translator. No disrespect is intended to anybody.

Chandra Singh, a reader of this book will note, welcomes the much-cursed and much-coveted forces of Nature—Loo and Vadali; Narain Singh Bhati presents Miran as a breaker of tradition; Ustad launches his full-blooded offensive on the mounting corruption and the moral decline in Indian society; Mani Madhukar admires the heroic courage of the

people of Vietnam; Rawat Saraswat gives an adult call to the poor to organise themselves against the rich; Sanwar Daiya pities the elite who do not see the obvious and refuse to see beyond their doorsteps: Nand Bhardwaj wants to liberate his village from the curse of ennui and inertia; Anna Ram 'Sudama', suggests, through his mythic bitch, a remedy for the diseased old order where nothing but money reigns; Rameshwar Dayal Shrimali exhorts his countrymen not to behave like the proverbial monkeys mentioned by Gandhi anymore; Tej Singh Jodha asks the people to be ever-alert on the battlefield of life; Raghurai Singh Hada refers to the problem of misery and starvation; Vimlesh scoffs at the language fanatics and unworthy friends; Madan Gopal Sharma longs for the days gone by; Satya Prakash Joshi pays tribute to the goddess of poetry as well as to the new forces of society; Paras Arora questions the competence of the modern man to solve all the problems of life; Kishore Kalpana Kant sings romantically of his beloved: poetry; Kanhaiya Lal Sethia, teaches us to look at life with detachment; Banwari Lal Mishra 'Suman' catapults us into the Rajasthan that was; Krishna Gopal Sharma pays homage to the genius of the famous Telugu poet Vishwanath Satyanarayan; and Chandra Prakash Dewal refuses to accept a paradise for himself before bringing in social deliverance for all-

#### IV

Generally, the anthologies are prepared in a very

'standardized' manner: the poets submit their poems along with their translations and the editor compiles and introduces them to the reading public. In my case it was a long, lonely climb. First, I chose poems out of the books available to me, translated the selected poems in full or in parts if the poems were long, into a language which is far different from the original in nature, structure, pace, and rhythm, and also wrote the Introduction. I acted both as nurse and wet-nurse.

I knew I was not wholly competent to undertake such a big and difficult task, for I was not a committed reader of Rajasthani nor was I its accomplished translator. The friendly promptings of Rawat Saraswat initially persuaded me to carry out this task. But besides this, another important factor was at work: it was my deep and abiding love for Rajasthan whose sand and salt have nourished me for more than four decades:

In this spirit the book has been prepared. Slips and inaccuracies of translation, if any, may be regarded as the work of a probationer. The pages that follow will give, I hope, an unbiased reader in India and elsewhere a pleasant touch of fresh air

coming as it does from a land whose literary wealth is not yet fully known. To me, writing this book has been a great adventure.

I came to a great door,
Its lintel overhung,
With burr, bramble, and thorn;
And when it swung, I saw
A meadow, lush and green.

I K SHARMA

KALPANA .
Tilaknagar, Jaipur

ANNA RAM SUDAMA (b 1923), a retired school teacher, is a poet of considerable merit and eminence. He was born in a lower middle class family in Udairamsar, Bikaner. His childhood passed in extreme penury. Because of this he had to discontinue his education after the eighth class. He did M. A. as late as 1962.

Nonetheless, he began his writing career quite early in life. He wrote both in Hindi and Rajasthani with equal felicity and command. His book *Pirol Main Kutti Byai* made him famous and the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy, in 1968, gave him the highest award of poetry. His *Andhi Aur Astha* (fiction) too won him an award from the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy in 1974. His other works are: *Maikati Kaya, Mulakati Dharati* (fiction); *Door Disawar* (travelogue); *Mewai Ra Roonkh* (fiction); *Utsuk Gandhi, Udas Bharat* (travelogue, Hindi).

His address: Near Petrol Pump Gangashahar Bikaner

## टिवली

काल दादी नैं वुखार घर्णा हो

'दादी नैं देखएा वेगा आयो'

हूं डाक्टर वर्मा नैं के आयो।

वै हंसता हंसता वोल्याः

''कांई सल्ला

श्रवके दीसे—

डोकरड़ी आगीनैं जासी

पाळी में माल खुवासी"

हूं वोत्यो, "जासी या रैसी भ्रां वातां मैं कींरो सा'रो ? परा जे भ्रा वात हुई तो नूंतो तो नूंतै री जगां सागै थारो कांसो न्यारो।"

वर्मा जी वोल्याः
"ग्रवार तो वीजी (Busy) हूं पर्ण ग्रायो ही राख भरोसो म्हारो।"

### TIWALI\*

Grandma had high fever yesterday.

Briskly I went to Doctor Varma
to tell him:

'Come quickly to check up grandma'.

He smilingly replied:

Hello,

Grandma, it seems, will go beyond
and get us rich feast this cold season.

'Go beyond or tarry here,' I said
'Who can help it?
Yes, if it however happen
you will have a lavish dish to yourself
besides the regular one of the general party.

Varmaji gingerly replied:
I am 'busy' at the moment
but believe me, man,
I'll come flying.

भालर वाज्या री वेळा ही
मोटर ग्राई, हार्न वाज्यो
सुगाता ही हूं वारे भाज्यो
पगा कुत्तड़ी कोभी ही रोवण जोगी
दिर रे थारो घणी मरे
करतां करतां
की दांत लगाया
गोड तांई पैंट फाड़ दी, ग्रर
सकड्यां लारे ग्राप दौड़गी।

देखतां ही
वर्मा जी वेगा सा वोल्याः
"दादी थारी पड़ी दरड़ मैं
म्हारै को वायड़ नीं
फीस गई भैंस री पूंछ मैं
पैन्ट रा पीसा कुएा देसी—
ग्रायो तो वेगारी मेटएा
तैं तो उल्टी गळै लगाई।"

वर्मा जी नैं राजी राखरा मैं पैलां तो, कुत्ती नैं काढ़ी गाळ घर्गी, परा कुरा जारा, ग्रागोतर कुत्ती रा काळा चाव्या- It was the time of temple bells.

A motor-car came and blew the horn.

Listening, I rushed out of doors.

But there was a bitch in the way
this ghoulish creature,
infernal being,
may her hubby die!

Before I closed my curses,
she had clenched her teeth into him
torn his pants right upto the knee
and had run away to the stack of wood.

'Damn your grandma', Varmaji cried testily.
'She is not my relation,
Damn your fee too—tag it to the tail of a buffalow!
Who will pay for the pants?
I came here to cure the fever
conversely, it has clung to me!'

To keep Varmaji in good humour first, I threw a hundred abuses at the bitch but who knows whether I owed a debt to this bitch in my last life

1

5.

का त्रोजूं हो वर्मा नैं—
दादी रो देगो वाकी,
सोळै रिपिया फीस रा दीना, ग्रर
जी सूं ऊपर
सीख मैं एक हरी पत्ती भौर भलाई
ऊपर सूं जोड़्या हाथ,
"माफ कर्या थे
हूं तो कैंगो भूल्यो
ग्राज संमळ' र ग्रायो
पिरोळ में कृती व्याई।"

x x

वलवां री कुत्यां,
रोज वदळसी कुत्ता
वांरी कूलां मैं
मयांदा पुरुषोत्तम ग्राराम करैला
'तूपुरे एव जानामि नित्यपादामिवन्दनात्'
सूरज सो तपतो
कोई साँमित्र मिलैला
ग्रा सपनै में मत सोच्या ।
ग्रांरी गोदी मैं
जंकर रामानुज
रमसी गांची गंगावर
खोड़ो ममता

or Varmaji had to pay off to grandma?

Later, I gave him his fee—rupees sixteen
and also parted with a green hundred rupee note
for his farewell,
and on top of it all
I said with folded hands:

'Pardon me, Sir.
I cleanly forgot to tell you:
be watchful while coming in
the bitch has her litter in the passage.'

x x x

Now the bitches of clubs change their dogs everyday and Maryada Purushottam<sup>1</sup> will lie snug in their wombs Noopure ev Janami nita padabhi vandanat.

(I know the anklets only since I always deified her feet.)
They never can dream
that Saumitra<sup>2</sup>, bright and brilliant as the Sun
will ever come to them!

श्रै कुश्रवसर रा क्करिया श्रागं जा पूरव पिच्छम उत्तर दिक्खण गळी-गळी में सीमा रेखा खींचै भारत कोरिया कांगो वर्लिन वियतनाम कित्ता ही श्रां कुत्तां री माया सूं श्राज खड्या उदास पसीजै हीरोसीमा कुकै।

केई दफ्तर री कुरस्यां पर कुत्ता कोडवर्ड में समभै ग्रांख्यां में पूंछ हिलावें दुकड़ो नांख्यां ठा' लागै कुत्ता हुया सरमहीएा दिन घोळें री कुत्ती राखें ग्रठली कुरस्यां मू सन्तोस नहीं तो ग्रवसेसियन सी कोई पेरिस इटली ग्रमरीका री कुत्त्यां मूंघे दामां में लावें परा ग्रीर जलमेला कद काळीदास 'ग्रस्त्युत्तरस्यां दिशा देवतात्मा हिमालयों'... Think no more
that Shanker, Ramanuj,
Gandhi, Gangadhar
will ever roll in their laps!
Forget about it.
These curs of unholy alliances
draw dividing lines, wherever they go,
—and go they ahead of all
on all sides, east, west, north, south.
India, Korea, Congo,
Berlin, Vietnam, and many of their kind
because of their schemings
today stand listless and pale.
Also, poor Hiroshima bewails.

Many dogs in the office chairs now pick up their secret signals and wag their amorous tail through eyes, and soon retire if they get a crumb of bread! Our dogs, brazen-faced, keep a bitch in broad daylight if unsatisfied with the indigenous kind, fetch an Alsatian at a high price from Paris, Italy, or America.

Will Kalidas be ever born to them?

Astyuttarasyam dishi devatatma Himalayo....
(The god-souled Himalaya lives in the north..)

वै कद मानैला
भारत री सीमा-रेखा
त्याग
'जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादिष गरीयसी,'
खाग्री-पीग्रो मौज करो
श्रै पिच्छम रो पापी पाठ पढ़ैला।

टिवली, बात ठीक है
महारै याद-पत्र पर
श्रवार एक चितराम उभरे कै
मोटर श्रावे हानं वाजे
लियां वैग डाक्टर वर्मा उत्तरे
ते दांत लगाया पैंट फाड़दी
वर्मा विगड़ै
पण टिवली श्राज मने सन्तोस
तूं स्याणी ते ठीक कियो,
पीसै रो पुतळो वो
वण जनजीवण रै शाणां सूं वेसी
पीसै ने प्यार कियो।

Will they ever consecrate themselves to the borders of India, her long sufferings?

Janani Janmabhoomisch swargadapi gariyasis.

(Mother and Motherland are far superior to Paradise.)

Rather, they will ever parrot here

'Eat, drink, and be merry'
this wicked lesson of the West.

Tiwali! Fine.

An image flashes across my mind:
a motor-car stops and blows the horn,
Doctor Varma, his hand-bag in hand, comes down,
and you try your teeth on him
and tear his pants.

And he loses his temper.
But, my sweet Tiwali,
you did a wise thing.
I am very happy with your blessed deed.
That slave of coins, full of guiles,
fondly loved coppers
more than human life!

<sup>\*</sup> The name of the bitch in his long poem Pirol Main Kutti Byai.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ram

<sup>2</sup> Laxman.

<sup>3</sup> All Sanskrit quotations in the poem are used ironically.

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BANWARI LAL MISHRA 'SUMAN' (b 1919) is one of the poets who are deeply rooted in tradition. He began writing poetry quite early in life under the guidance and inspiration of Shri Suryakaran Pareek.

He was educated at Mandawa and at Ved Vedang Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Pilani. His Sanskrit education did not expose him (profitably so?) to modern influences. A devout pundit that he is, he chose his themes either from history or from the ancient classics of India. He displayed his talent in writing on traditional themes in a traditional manner. He wrote fervidly on religious and historical subjects.

His Delyan ko Divalo, published at Calcutta, shot him into fame. On it the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy gave him Kavya Purushkar. Also, literary associations of Bombay, Bhagalpur, Jhunjhunu, and Nawalgarh publicly honoured him for his contribution to literature.

Other well-known books of his are: *Prem Pravah* (1969); *Gaurav Gaan* (1970). He also brought out a collection of his Hindi lyrics—*Sarjana* in 1971.

At present, he lives at Chirawa (district Jhunjhunu).

## चेटक

ग्रग्णिग्ण घावां सैं घायल हो पग् राग्णाजी नैं पीठ लियां, वच निसर्यो सेना समदर सैं मन मैं लोयां की घूंट पियां, छिपकै बैरी लारे लाग्या राग्णां नैं ग्राज संभाळै कुग्ण। चढतै दिन का साथी वो'ळा पग्ण ढळती सांभ संभाळे कुग्ण।।

जद श्रागै श्रायो एक खाळियो चेटक घोड़ो मरी छलांग, टप-टप टपके हो रगत सरीरां घायल हो'री च्यारूं टांग, पड़तो-पड़तो मुड़-मुड़ देखें टळटळ ढलती पळकां दुण-दुण। चढते दिन का साथी यो'ळा पण ढळती सांक संमाळे कुण।।

चेटक सोबी ग्रै रएा माळै सै जूभ पड़चा मेवाड़ी बीर, बलवेद्यां की गोद्यां पोट्या वडभागी भाला सा रणवीर, चढतै नैं निरखिएयां वो'ळा पए ढळती सांभ पिछाएँ कुए। चढतै दिन का साथी वोळा पए। ढळती सांभ संमाळै कुए।।

### CHETAK\*

Indented deep with scars, Chetak¹ with the Rana on its back made its way noiselessly through the sea of arms, but the foe did not let it go alone, chevied it without a hint. Not far from there it saw a stream flowing full before him; it soon sprang up, not caring for its bleeding body, and flew over the crystal stream.

Falling, it looked at the Rana again and again with tears racing down his fading eyes.

His fire half done, Chetak moaned:
the pick of Mewar, the mighty warriors, brave and
[daring,

lion-hearted like the Jhala fought this great war, and alas! this war-altar has steadily grabbed them all. Isn't it vicious, Chetak felt, the world worships the rising sun but none there is to cheer up the flagging one?

मीगी पलकां रांण्ं निरखें ग्रर चेटक मन में करें विचार, जीवरा साथी रार्णाजी नैं वेमोकें छोड़ चल्यो मंभाधार, ग्रै वीहड़ मैं रार्णाजी नैं साथीड़ां विना रुखाळें कुएा। चढ़तें दिन का साथी वो'ळा परग ढळती सांभ संभाळें कुएा।

चेटक निरखे रागाजी नैं रागा की श्रांख्यां नीर भरें, जळ गरम कमळ से नैगां को श्रग्गिगा घावां की पीर हरें, पलकां मूंदी सुपनूं श्रायो इवके यो वार संभाळे कुगा। चढते दिन का साथी वो'ळा पगा ढळती सांभ संमाळे कुगा। With liquid eyes, the Rana looked at his steed and Chetak very feelingly replied:
Alas! I am leaving you in midstream, friendless and forlorn, who knows who'll care for you in this dark wood?
Saying thus, he turned his dying eyes to the Rana and [ saw:

hot tears stood in his beautiful eyes,

<sup>\*</sup> From Delyan ko Diwalo.

<sup>1</sup> The famous horse of Maharana Pratap.

### पन्ना धा

बडमागए। कंवर उदयितह नैं ऊवी दिन रात रुखाळै ही, हो उदय परायो जायो पए। जायै सैं वडकै पाळै ही, बनवीर मलो कोनी ग्रैंकी पैल्यां सैं मनस्या जाएँ ही, पग-पग चौकस मा पन्ना घा निजरां सैं चाल पिछाएँ ही, तलवार सिरां पै तए। री ही पन्ना विन ग्राज रुखाळै कुए।

पित नैं कर चोकस सावधान भट पिछलो द्वार खुला दीन्यूं, खक कंवर फूल सो फूलां सैं वारी सैं वार मिजा दीन्यूं, सोचर्या को ग्रोसर हो कोनी दो छर्या में काम पटा दीन्यूं, ग्रांचळ सैं वळती ग्राग ढकी इक्लोतो लाल कटा दीन्यूं।

## PANNA, THE SAVIOUR\*

Unblinkingly she tended the lucky prince<sup>1</sup> gave him love more than a mother could do, 'Banbir is evil incarnate', she knew and also knew his evil designs. His vicious sword always hung over the prince's head but she took care of it all, all, alone.

Quickly she gave her man a wink
to unlatch the backdoor,
in a flash she passed out a basket
brimming with flowers through a window
—the prince beneath the flowery layers;
she gave the senseless no chance to smell
and slipped her lone child into the princely bed,
and looked up:

the next moment she saw the brute splitting her child in two-

<sup>\*</sup> From his book Delyan ko Diwalo

<sup>1</sup> Udai Singh

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CHANDRA PRAKASH DEVAL (b 1949) is one of the youngest poets writing in Rajasthani. Born in a village in Udaipur district, he had his early education at Udaipur. At present he is engaged in research at Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Medical College, Ajmer.

His first book of poems *Pagi* appeared in 1977. His poetry, cluttered up with words of difficult origin, deals mainly with social realism. Like the other young poets of today, he too represents the stern mood of protest.

# म्हारी मौत पछै

यूं तो हूंस हार्योड़ी मानखो
मन माडांगी भालै
आपघाती नंदी रै
ढावै री पग-डांडी रो सरगो
म्हारी मूमल
महनै गंगाजळ ग्रर गऊदान
री उडीक कोनी

पण नित हमेस हर छिए।
रिवतां-रिवतां
महें ग्रिण छक मर जाऊं
तो संस्कारू लोय रै सांचै
ढळ ्योड़ी वूं
महारै तरपण सारू मत ना छीजे
महारा श्राकळ-वाकळ गीत
श्रवस कदे न कदे
किएगी न किएगी मुजाएग रो
माथो फीड़ डगैला

### AFTER MY DEATH

### Ordinarily

a man whose faith is in his own self shaken takes refuge in the pathways of a treacherous river. I do not, my sweet-heart, long either for Gangajal<sup>1</sup> or for Gaudan<sup>2</sup>.

My life is chipping off each day
each moment.

If perchance I die
then, you, who are shaped in the mould of customs,
needn't worry at all about my last rites:
my silly odd songs, I am sure,
will one day blossom forth bursting the head of some
[wise man.

म्हारी गजवण थूं श्रंगै ई डरजे मत फगत उगा दिन री उड़ीक राखजे कै जिएा दिन श्रैड़ी श्रजोगती श्रर श्रचीती पटकी पड़ै कै लोग-वाग चोर नैं चवड़ै-थाड़ै चोर वतावै कै जिएा दिन टळ्योड़ी पेंचूटी नैं पंपोळती परघै रा पग ठाएँ नीं पड़ै श्रो विलको देख कै खटीक रो पीसएँ। छाळी खावै

कै जिए दिन
चारुं कूंट लूए री पुड़तां
पायरियोड़ी घरए सूं
ग्रादमी योर रै ग्रांगै
उगएा रो मतो
छिटकाय दे

My Mighty Love, You needn't fear too!
Rather wait for the day
when something not yet heard or seen like a thunderbolt,
will be heard and seen,
and people openly call a thief a thief!
Or till that day
when bureaucracy, seeing a goat eat the food of a butcher,
walks falteringly.

Or till those times
when man gives up hopes of growing like cactus in this
[ land

laden with layers of lime all over.

कै जिए। दिन
डोकरिया रै घूजतै पगां
ग्रै भड़ता छान-भूंपड़ा
नेगम ठायो भालै
कै जिए। दिन
रावळियो वगत
ठीमरपए।। रो वेवळो उतार
ग्रापरै ग्रंगां ग्रचपळायां ग्रंगेजै

मावी रै उसा मंगळीक टासी ही
वादीले वगत री भांट
श्चर म्हारी निसरड़ाई सूं
श्चगत गियोड़ी म्हारी जूण
मुगती रै सिरै मोड़ै पूगैला
श्चर हथीकी पूगैला

Or till that hour
when these falling reedy huts
stand erect on the uncertain legs of an aged man.
Or till, Time itself, the great actor,
flings off its mask of haughtiness
and willingly wears cheerfulness

My irrepressible soul
till now wandering because of the arrogance of Time
and my own stubbornness
will reach, though late, the door of deliverance
on that far-off auspicious day.
It shall.

<sup>1</sup> A Hindu custom of pouring a few drops of 'Ganga water' into the mouth of a dying man.

<sup>2</sup> Another Hindu custom of giving away a cow in charity at the time of one's death.

CHANDRA SINGH (b 1919) is the celebrated Rajasthani: poet. As English Lake Country was a passion to Wordsworth, so is the Rajasthan of scorching sun and sand-dunes a passion to Chandra Singh. This Rajasthan provided him inspiration to write two well-known books: Badali and Loo.

He was born at Birkali, Sri Ganganagar. He spent his youth at Bikaner where he had his college education. In 1951 he came to Jaipur and launched the publication of *Maruvani* in collaboration with Rawat Saraswat in 1953.

Besides being a poet, he is an excellent translator too. His translations of *Raghuvansh* and *Meghdoot* into Rajasthani were immensely praised by such a distinguished scholar as Dr Vasudeo Sharan Agrawal. Chandra Singh also translated gathas of *Gatha Saptashati*, a selection from which was printed under the title *Kaalajai Ri Kor*. His other works are: *Dilip*, *Balsad* and *Jafarnamo*.

His present address: D 6 Meera Marg, Banipark Jaipur.

कोमळ-कोमळ पांखड्यां कोमळ-कोमळ पान कोमळ-कोमळ वेलड्यां राख्या लुग्रां ध्यान

लागी हिवड़ै सूळ

×××

चैती सौरम चूस ली कळ्यां गई कमळाय फूलां विछड़ी पांखड़्यां लूग्रां वाजी ग्राय

### LOO\*

#### O Loo!

Do not touch and burn the petals of flowers the new-born leaves and the slender wines.

×

The buds opened and advanced to meet the oncoming rays, but they retreated, hurt, seeing the onrush of the blazing loo-

X

Below
the earth burns red-hot
like an iron-plate,
above,
the deep blue burns red-hot,
all around it is the same:
life is trapped in a pit of fire.

×

O Terrible Loo!
you have sapped
all the subtle musk of spring,
the buds lost themselves beforer their bloom,
the petals fallen off wizened one by one.

देख तपंती ताव सूं
मुरघर बख रै भागा
हियो हिमाचळ ग्रूभळ्यो
बह चाल्यो वरफागा

× × × ल्यां ग्राय'र रोस में वाळी जद वर्णराय वडी जतन सूं वीज सै रास्या घरा लुकाय

× ×
ग्रूंट जिका नंह ढूकता
पाणी पर दिन च्यार
सागी लूग्नां राज मैं
तीनां वखतां त्यार

× ×

जीव तिसाया जावतां जोड़ा हुया ग्रवीर डाळ-डाळ हिवडो हुयो चाली चीरांचीर

The sun with his mighty looks has ravaged our dear land, even the cold heart of the Himalayas seeing her agony, melted, and ran in waves.

X X
The loo in her deadly rage,
grilled the flora of the earth,
but the earth, very ingeniously
hid the winged seeds
in her secret beds,

The camel that goes without water for days together, rushes, in the high days of loo, three times a day to water.

O Terrible Loo!

Do not grill the people here.

Their villages already look deserted, their land unfit for crops and the water of wells far from sweet.

The waterless ponds break in grief to see all go back thirsty from their charitable shores; their aching hearts now scream in cracks over the dry blistered beds.

लूग्रां भने न सांस नी तळ में चीर चलाय बाढे ऊपर लूगा ज्यूं बाळू दी युरकाय

 दो ग्रातुर मन मिलएा नैं
ग्रामां-सामां ग्राय
भेट्यां पहलां घकवकै
लग्गां जीव जळाय

× ×
भूलै रूप वसंत रो
भूलै रुत बरसात
सीतळता भूलै श्रबस
सूत्रों रै उत्पात

Yet the loo inexorable is not at ease it piles grief upon grief: it picks up the floating grains of sand and showers them unblushingly over the open crying cracks.



The fiery loo has struck even the Sun. He moves dead slow at noon as if he has lost his sap and the track too, and knows not where he is.

× ×

The lovers at their rendezvous rush to hug each other, the loo sways between the longing hearts: they stand close but stand apart.

x x

The loo alone reigns supreme here:
no chance visit ever by the Merry Spring.
Rain! Rain is a far-off cry,
and Winter, a distant dream.

<sup>\*</sup>Hot winds that blow in summer in Rajasthan. I have retained the word 'LOO' for its special charm. These stanzas are from his celebrated book LOO.

### वादळी

जीवएा नैं मह तरसिया बंजड़ भंखड़ बाढ बरसे, भोळी बादळी श्रायो श्राज श्रसाड

× ×

म्राठूं पोर मडीकतां चीतै दिन ज्यूं मास दरसण दे म्रव, वादळी मत मुरधर नैं तास

श्रायी रुन वरसात

नहीं नदी-नाळा श्रठें नहं सरवर सरसाय श्रेक श्रासरो बादळी सरु सूकी मत जाय

×

×

#### **BADALI\***

O sweet Badali!
Today is the first day of Ashadh.¹
Kindly come around and spray gently over us.
The wild shrubs, fields, lands unfertile
all are craving for new life.

In these long waits time moves slower than the snail, would you, O Badali, show up your face? Let not this land go thirsty and pale.

This land looks for you with sunny eyes rush in, sweet angel, rush in; the rainy season has come but not you tease us no more, dearie!

× ×

We have no rivers here nor any brook even the tanks have gone dry, you the last hope of this land sweet tyrant, turn not away and leave us dry.

× ×

यो मत जीवरा, बावळी डूंगर खोहां जाय मिलरा पुकारै मुरघरा रम-रम घोरां ग्राय

× ×

जोड़ कांगसी जोर मूं कुंडाळो करियां बाळक मांगे वादळी, भर दे तालरियां

×

भेट्या डूंगर खरदरा खररो हुयो मुभाव माजै गाजै गड़गड़ै तेज दिखावै ताव

× ×

नम मूं उतरी बादळी ज्यूं वेर्यां पिग्हार साजन सामां ग्राविया श्रुळक पड़ी श्रुण वार

×

सोरम माबै सोगुग्। मिळियो घर मूं मेह टूंगे सांसां जग पिवै हिवडै मीतर नेह Waste not your life in hills and dales this land is lowing for you, come here, my crazy angel! rejoice among the dunes.

**<** 

Even children have formed rings, holding hands they go round and round and round, and beseech you, O Badali! bless our starving tanks.

к Ž

The hills have made you heartless unfeeling and unkind, hence you run across the sky flashing, with creaking sound.

< ×

Badali came down from heaven like a maid from a well. who, seeing her sweetheart before her, leaned with her pot and fell.

· ·

Miles of sweet smell rises from the soil as the rain touches the earth, it swells the hearts of young lovers: they draw thickly that aroma in.

#### \*CLOUDLET

<sup>1.</sup> In the north-west of Rajasthan people wait and wait for rain, not for days and weeks, but for months and sometimes years. Hence the importance of the first month of the rainy season i. e. Ashadh.



'GANESH LAL VYAS¹ 'USTAD' (1907-65) was the most revolutionary of all Rajasthani poets. He was the least educated (studied only upto the fourth class) and also the most well-read, of them all. He wrote in English, Urdu, and Hindi, besides Rajasthani.

His life from the start was uneven. Born in a family of traditional Brahmins at Jodhpur he married outside his caste much against the directive of his community. Although he was an arch-enemy of feudalism, he began his service career in feudal lord's household. In Bombay, where his father went in search of a job, he worked as a jockey boy. There he happened to meet one day B. C. Harrimann, the editor of the Bombay Chronicle, in the Deccan Queen. His frank talks and open manners impressed the editor very much. Harrimann soon appointed the young boy in his office where he learnt English language and literature, politics, and journalism.

In 1930 'Ustad' joined, at the call of Mahatma Gandhi, the salt satyagrah movement and he was lodged in a jail at Beawar. When he came out of jail he went to Indore where he studied the life of labourers and the books of Marx and Engels. In 1938, alongwith Jai Narain Vyas, he founded the Marwar Lok Parishad. In 1942 all the members of the Lok Parishad including 'Ustad', were sent to Jalore Jail.

The poems written during this period nettled the government but inspired his rural audience. As a result, the wave of the freedom movement spread at a tremendous pace in the countryside. The poems of 'Ustad' and his friends were brought out in book form: Garibon Ki Awaj (The Voice of the Poor) and Bekason Ki Awaj (The Voice of the Underpriviledged). But they were immediately proscribed.

After independence, his poetry attained new heights. He published no book of his during his life time. The only source of his writings now is *Jan Kavi Ustad* published by the Rajasthan Bhasa Prachar Sabha, Jaipur, after his death. On 29th October 1965, 'Ustad' died in poverty but not in obscurity.

1 Most writers mistakenly call him Ganeshi Lal Vyas, which is factually wrong. His actual name is Ganesh Lal Vyas. I have verified it from the members of his family.

### कवि

रै किव अब जीव मती, किवता हुयगी कोड़ विड़द मांड किवता करें, छळ री चादर ओड़ छळ री चादर ओड़, डोड़ रा तीन बतावें कीड़ों नैं भगवान भर्गों ने माखगा खावें उस्तादां री आगा, टागा में विछ्गों व्यायी तस्कर पोतैदार, पुरागा पापी न्यायी

पूज बडेरा श्रापणा, वै चारण कविराज वीरां तर्णे बखाण में कविता करी सुकाज कविता करी सुकाज हालता रण में श्रागें इसा जुग रा कविराज, ढोल सुसातां ही मागें उस्तादां री श्राण, बखार्णे जस हुकमत रा कीड़ा कुरव बधार, कांकरा करदे पत रा

#### TO A POET

Oh Poet! Live no more
Poetry is now a running sore.
The buffoons wearing masks have turned poets
and make those high that are low:
they deify vermin and enjoy themselves.
By Ustad I tell you:
the stable is teeming with scorpions,
thieves have become guards
and hardened criminals, judges.

Better pray to the ancient poets, the supreme

[ Charan poets

who, by adoring heroes, adored poetry, who led the armies to battle unlike the moderns who flee hearing the war-drum. By Ustad I tell you, these moderns sing in praise of Power and multiply vermin.

रं किय मत गा वावळा, सिखर चढ्या है काग कांव-कांव री कूक मैं कुएा सुरासी थ्रा राग कुरा सुरासी थ्रा राग, जीभ सूं भाड़ थ्रंगारा पनपाया विख-भाड़, राख नैं करदे सारा उस्तादां री थ्रारा, खील वास्ती रो नाळो मिटै थ्रंवारो घोर, लोक नैं मिलै उजाळो

रै किव, ग्रव जीवै मती किवता कुरव गमाय घर कीड़ा री सायवी, घर वाळां नैं खाय घर याळां नें खाय, पालगीं पूत पराया पड़पंची पतवार पकड़ पींडे पोंचाया उस्तादां री ग्राग्ग, खोवर्या सांड घड़ूकै मार्थ चढ़िया रांड-भांड गंडकां ज्युं कुकै Oh Poet! Sing no more in madness.

Who'll listen to your music amid this din?

There are crows on the perch!

Breathe fire, my friend,
and turn trees and bushes to ashes.

By Ustad, I tell you,
open the flood-gates of your utterance
to finish the threatening gloom.

Let there be light all around.

Oh Poet! Live no more amid this ruin of poetry. These vermin, strange to see, eat up the near ones and endear themselves to strangers: these rascals have brought everything to utter ruin. By Ustad, I tell you, I see nothing around save the street bulls bellowing and vamps and clowns yelping like mongrel curs.

# आ कैड़ी आजादी

लोग कवै सूरज ऊगो, पिएा कठै गयो परकास हाथ हाथ नैं खावएा दोड़ै किएा री राखां भ्रास मुलक री भ्रा केड़ी भ्राजादी पूत-पितर में मच्यो छिनाळो, चारूं दिस बरवादी

मिनखपर्ण रो राम निसरग्यो, श्रेक पुजीज भेस दळ-स्वारय सूंजन रा नेता, कियो पांगळो देस सिपाई हाथां घूड़ उड़ा दी कितरा तो दुकड़ां पर विकग्या, वाकी गांठ गमा दी

हिलमिल काम करण री वेळा, वंटवार री राड़ मन मैला मायेला पाड़ा, जन रै घन पर घाड़ बण्यो है सारो मुलक विवादी देस-भगत स्वारय में छळग्या, ईश्वर हुयगी गादी

#### **FREEDOM**

They say: the Sun has risen.
But where is the light?
The right hand nibbles at the left
who do you think can help?
What appalling freedom my beloved country has won
when father and son are engaged in acrid clash
scattering seeds of destruction.

The god of human kindness is dead:
only one livery is blindly prayed for.
The tin-gods of the masses, for their party gains
have paralysed this land,
and through police, brought it to a shameful pass.
Many sold themselves for scraps: others lost even
[inherited the riches.

This is the time for us to work together but alas, time is lost instead in scrambles.

Even bosom friends have fallen out, to rob the

[ nation's wealth.

The whole country is now a hotbed of wrangles. The patriots too are now caught in a whirl of greed with 'Chair' as their new creed. मोटा मगर कुटम नैं खाबै, निवळा भुगतै डंड बापू रो उपदेस नैं, संत हुम्रा सौ खंड़ सयागा सेठ वण्या सतवादी खादी त्याग गरीबी बगुगी जन-जुग री सहजादी

नीचै जनता रगत विलोवै, खावै करसो राव ऊपरला माखगा खा जावै, जन री गरदन दाव मुलक री माडै नीत डिगादी विचलो बरग गबेड़ो दोड़ै, लियां दोस री लादी

जनसेवक भगड़ा सूं थाका, सत रो घटग्यो भाव खादी घार लवाड़ी जीत्या, जन हुकमत रो दाव सैंत में सिर दीना उन्मादी जन-जीवण में फूट बची है, मार्थ चढ्या सवादी The strong crocodiles eat up the kin while the weak ones in private wail. Poor Gandhi, his message brushed aside, is savagely torn to pieces. I am grieved to think that the cunning Seths have become the apostles of Truth, and this Khadi, leaving poor households has joined hands with them and has burst into a reigning dame.

Far below, the farmer's grub is mere raab<sup>1</sup>, and the common run of people work sincerely hard, but those on the top throttle the people and grab

[ the cream, and this middle class burdened with the failures of all runs about like a stupid ass:

my country, to be sure, is rotting.

The honest servants of the public are weary of this row.
Truth is on the wane.
These glib talkers, wearing khadi, have held the reins.
These maniacs are seen in every chink
and the drunks step in at every bend.
Life in general is devoid of love and light.

तिकड़म री तिर जाय सिलावां' भलै लोक पर भीड़ फूट-फिकर सूं थन्या गजां रै, कीड़ा घरै घमीड़ समभ री सारी सान सड़ादी इलम हुनर री ग्राटत लाटै मरजीदान मयादी

मूट मिनख पिडतां नैं हांकै, कळावन्त नैं मांड कळा-सेत में निसंक चरै है, रुखवाळां रा सांड

कठै जद कूक करै फरियादी जन रो जीवण खड्यो कठघरै, न्याव करै भ्रपराधी

मुलक री ग्रा कैड़ी ग्राजादी पूत-पितर मैं मच्यो छिनाळो, चारू दिस वरवादी The boulders, through their strategy, float across at [ every point.

Good men, on the contrary, are trapped at every point. Insects bludgeon the elephants, weary of rumpus, in full view of the public.

The glory of wisdom has passed away.

Only yes-men are gaining heights!

Now fools drive the wise and clowns, the artists.

The bulls of custodians roam about freely in the field

[ of art !

How long will the cuckoo make a plaintive cry, when the common man is in the dock and the criminal sits on the seat of justice?

What appalling freedom my country has won when father and son are engaged in acrid clash scattering seeds of destruction!

<sup>1.</sup> A very common and ordinary food of the rural folk.

## सगळी मैफल रोगी

नवै सूत रै नेताजी री समळी मैफल रोगी रे हुकमत मिलना चोरवजारी चौड़ै होगी रे

रुळग्या लड्बाळा

है'र रक्ष्म्या लड्याळा, ठेकां रा ठग घन लिछमी भोगी रे नवै सून री नरक नाळ सूं सांचा मिनस निसरम्या रे परमिटपंगी वोट मिल्या जद वात विसरम्या रे

रहजो जागतड़ा

हैं र रहजो जागतज़ा, श्रो बळद बावड़ो भूखां मरग्यो रे नर्व सून में जन-जीवगा री ऊकरड़्यां रा कीड़ा रे दिन-दिन में सो रंग करें उसगा गोहीड़ा रे

ग्रळगा ई रहजो

#### THE PARLIAMENT OF LIARS

The real fighters are lost forever but these pseudo leaders of a new vulgar kind with a little power are lost in black-marketing; this whole assembly is a pack of liars!

Keep awake for these paramours of permits soon forget their promises; good old men are far from this new infernal world only swindlers can suffer it!

Be away from them
for
these chameleons without forgiveness
change colours a hundred times a day;
their blood teems with parasites
and on their account
this poor ox is starving!

है'र ग्रलगा ई रहजो भ्रो सेतां रा चर जासी बीड़ा रे बापू जी री निरमळ खादी छोड़ भूंपडी मागी रे परिमटपंपी पैर लिबी जद, बासएा लागी रे

महलां मोज करैं

हे'र महलां मौज करैं, तिकड़िमया ठग तड़बड़ रा त्यागी रे बापूजी री छाप लगाई, रगत विराजवा लागा रे जनता मार्थ मीड़ पड़्यां रह जासी ग्रागा रे

मत ना भरमीजो

है'र मतना भरमीजो, म्रा बोट दलाली करसी नागा रे छानै खुरकै नया घाड़ी, दो बळदया ले मागा रे म्रें बळद बायड़ा नवें खून रा निकमा ठागा रे चकमें चूलो मती Don't be taken in by them for these paramours of permits roll in harems, and because of them the unsullied khadi of Bapu has disappeared from hamlets and emits odious smells.

They must eat up all green grass!

Don't be tricked by them for these impostors, cheats donning cloaks of piety bilk the ignorant masses and make money in the name of Gandhiji!

Don't send them at all to seats of power for this witchery of votes will strip us naked: these bullies and bandits of new blood have kidnapped even the two bullocks<sup>1</sup>! हे'र चकम चुग्गो मती, ढोळ पड़ जासी घर रा ठागा रे नहरूजी रै नेतर माथ, रंग रो चसमो चढ़ग्यो रे नवो सून तिकड़म री सगळी पोथ्यां पढ़ग्यो रे

जनता लुटीजै

हे'र जनता लूटीजै, सतवाळां रो देवाळो कढग्यो रे कांगरेस रा कागद मार्थ लंबी चौड़ी वातां रे बोट दिया तो नवै खून री पड़सी लातां रे

पोला होल घुरै

हे'र पोला होल घुरै पिए पोल उघड़गी रिसवत खातां रे

They have duped the public this new blood practises all forms of trickery, even Nehru's vision is jaundiced; this house, therefore is bound to tumble down!

#### Beware

hollow drums always sound well.
Hollow are now the followers of Truth.
Congress manifestos are full of tall talk.
If you vote them to power
you will get only kicks in return!

But one day hypocrisy is exposed. They were caught red-handed, taking bribe!

<sup>1.</sup> The party symbol of the undivided Congress.

KANHAIYA LAL SETHIA (b 1919) is the most prolific of all Rajasthani writers. He has brought out about two dozen books, many of which have been translated into English, Marathi, and Bengali.

Although born in an affluent family of businessmen, he was never lured by its temptations. On the contrary, he, untiringly, championed the cause of the poor and the underprivileged.

He is a poet of detached observation. His images are whole and unbroken. He communicates his ideas and impressions very ably through his apt choice of words.

His *Dharti Dhoran Ri* has become a classic sung in all parts of Rajasthan.

In 1976, he won the National Sahitya Akademy Award for his book *Leeltans*. His other well-known works are: *Minjhar, Galgachia, Kumkum, Dhar Kunchan Dhar Majlan, Ramaniya Ra Sortha*.

His address: Ratan Niwas

Sujangarh (Churu)

Rajasthan

# दिन!

चगत वावै

ग्रन्थारै रै भैंसै स्यूं

चांद रो हळ,
वीजी

ग्रामे रै मेत मैं

तारां रा वीज

जगां नीपजी

दिन री सोनल फसल !

### DAY

Time tills the sky with the plough of the moon driven by the buffalow of darkness and sows the seeds of stars:

then grows
the golden harvest of Day!

### डर!

पड़ी हाथी पर कीड़ी री निजर देख'र हालती चालती डूंगर बड़गी बिन में डर'र !

पड़ी कीड़ी पर हायी री निजर देख'र जुळवती परतख मीत करली सूंड ऊपर !

#### FEAR

The ant looked at the elephant saw the walking hill and would get into her hole.

The elephant looked at the ant, saw: it was the walking death and lifted his trunk!

# कविता!

मासा री खिमता नैं तोलगाँ री ताकड़ी है कविता, सबदां रें भारे में चन्नगा री लाकड़ी है कविता,

सांच है सी टंच न नुवीं है न पुराणी है कविता, मिनस रे हिये में उकळती मोभर री सैनाणी है कविता,

गुड़ है गूंगै रो उठा-पटक रो अखाड़ों कोनी कविता, औखब है आत्मा री माटी री कामा रो माटों कोनी कयिता!

#### **POETRY**

Poetry is a balance to weigh the aptness of language. It is real sandalwood in a common heap of words.

Poetry is neither old nor new. It is absolute, if true. Poetry is a brand from the blazing fire burning in man's heart.

Poetry is like sweet to the dumb: it is no free-for-all nor is it hire for the dusty old body. It is a tonic for the soul.

# नेमसर

चोर रा हाय
साचा
प्रा प्र काचा,
कीं न कीं कसर
राखें कुदरत नेमसर
नहीं स कदे' स रो ही
िखड-मिड ज्याती
भानमती रो प्रसगर!

## THE LAW OF NATURE

Thief.

His fingers are light
but his legs are heavy.
Nature must leave a dent somewhere
otherwise, this magic-box, long ago
would have burst into shivers.

मुर्दे री निरमळ काया में एक ही छेकलो हैं फेरूं भी पड़ें बार-बार बंधरपूं, मैला मन तूं तो हुयोड़ो पड़्यो हैं चालणीबेभ मोत दो'रो हैं यारो व्यारी में स्यूं निकळणूं!

### THE NEEDLE

Only one hole in the sleek solid body of a needle. Still it gets chained many a time.

My ragged Self.

you have holes
as many as a sieve.

To come out of this maze
is a big task.

Your journey is bound to be long.

KISHORE KALPANAKANT (b 1930) is one of the finest lyricists of Rajasthani. His readers, especially his listeners, are in constant danger of being fascinated by the melody of his poetry. The impact of Sanskrit literature and the oral tradition of Rajasthani poetry go a long way in keeping this trend alive in him.

He was born in Ratangarh, Churu. His education was very ordinary. In his youth he chose journalism as his career and has all along stuck to it. Also, he founded a literary mag *Olmon*, which soon became popular with budding writers and poets. This mag can justifiably take the credit for turning many a brick into gold. In 1967 the Sadul Rajasthani Research Institute, Bikaner, gave him the highest award of poetry. In 1969 a literary association of Calcutta gave him a cash prize of Rs. 1100/- on his translation work *Rutsanhar*. Other works of Mr. Kant are: *Koonpal Ar Phool*, *Shakespeare Ri Batan*, *Vishwanath Satya Narain Ri Batan*, *Nast Need*.

His address: Kalpana Lok, Ratangarh (Churu).

# मै सोचूं हूं

म्हे चेस्टा करां हां सिर-पगां रो जोर लगायनै उसाइ देवां दिन र श्राम मांग रोप्योड़ी सुरजी री किरणां नें जिकी मुरजादा नें कायम राखें श्रर जिको कंई जोवै-परखें उग्रनें सांच मार्ख !

म्हे लाग्योड़ा हां
श्रेडी-चोटी रो बळ उलाळता
उखाड़ नांखां
च्यानग्गपस रै बाग मांय सूं
चान्द री च्यानग्गी रो घटतो-बघतो रूंख
जिग्ग री सोरभ मांय रळ्योड़ी है
इक्ताग्ग मैकार
जिकी मुपनां नैं पंपोळी
जागतां रै मांयले नैं टंटोळी !

पग् माज तकात म्हारै मूं उपाड़ीज्यों नीं किशी मस्तित्व रो बाळ भर महे बावळा होयोड़ा गुद रा घरां रा बारगा भूलग्या वां नै पराई-पोळां जाग्गं र कुमुग्ग मोडगा मरू कर दीन्या

#### THE GULF

Our hearts are full of hopes.
We often try hard, and we say it openly, that we will uproot the rays of the sun planted deep in the sky, that uphold conservative norms.
Strange, they appear true even to a seeing eye!

We are after it.

We often try hard to uproot the tree of moonlight that contracts and expands in the garden of a bright fortnight, whose enchanting smell nurses the dreams of crazy sleepers.

It also looks into unapathetic hearts!

Till this day
I could not harm a bit.
And we in our wild frenzy
mistake our own doorsteps for those of others
and tattoo them with innumerable unholy signs
because feuds have ruined our foresight!

चयं कै न्बुद रा पगल्या मुंई सूं उपड़ीजता ग्रापसरी री ग्रहंग्यां मांय सदयदीजता सम नी रैया ! ग्रापंग्राप चालतो रैवै वायरो जिग्नसं पांगरी, फली, फळापी रत-स्त रा गाछ-संख ग्रापैंड उठ ग्रावै खैंखाट मचांवती घराघीर ग्रांघी चड्कगा हाळा दूट जावै पाघरी नांखीज गळ्योही पेड्यां म्हें ग्रांघी रा वेटा कोनी फेर उलाइए। री म्हारी हंस विचारां रै लाग्योड़ी दीवळ 'में सोचूं हूं नै' महे ग्राज-लग को सोच सक्या नीं ! के ठा कट **उगं' र उखड़ीजैं** श्रस्तित्व रा गाछ-रूं ख जंगी केई मदियां रा चरसाती केई कागारोटी ! ग्रावी ग्रवै ग्रेकला-ग्रेकला चालां तरस खावां न्याप-ग्राप री!

The wind follows its own rhythm.

It renews the life-cells of trees without prejudice and quickens them to bloom; the foul storm rises with a monstrous face on its own, and the mighty branches in no time become its kill, even our headgears go off our encased heads. But we are not the children of storm.

Our wish to crumble the trees shows how deep white ants have eaten into our brains. 'I think and think and think' and strange it is

I could not still make up my mind still.

We are unaware how trees seasonal and centuries old sprout and shed their lives.

Come, let us go alone, alone: And let us pity one another too.

### गीत

श्रळी-गळी श्रर गांव-नगर री घूळ घर्गीई में तो छाग्गी ं मिली न मन नैं मरवर्ण सागी, श्रखन कुंवारी हूं श्रव-ताग्गी !

रूप मिलै तो रंग न श्रोपै, रंग मिलै तो रूप न मावै
रंग-रूप दोनूं मिल जावै, पर्ण जार्ग वयूं दाय न श्रावै
जीवराभर जो मूरत पूजी, वा सूरत नीं रळती लावै
स्यात् न जायी-जामी श्रोजूं, म्हारै मन री सरव-वैराणी
मिली न मन नैं मरवर्ण सागी, श्रखनकुंवारो हूं श्रव-ताणी !

कई बार भरमां मैं भूत्यो, कई सूरतां उपरां रीभ्यो जद ग्रैनाए मिलावए बैठ्यो, मनड़ो कदे न किण पर घीज्यो चो उणियारो, वा रंगत ग्रर बो रंग-रूप न किए मैं दीस्यो ग्रोळखाण नित सुपनै होवै, पण जागूं, जद वा ग्ररणजाणी मिली न मन नैं मरवएा सागी, ग्रखनकुंवारो हुं ग्रव-ताणी !

### I AM A BACHELOR LOVER STILL

I have gone far and deep into the labyrinth of life: the forlorn country tracks, the cities' thoroughfares, but my beloved is nowhere seen.

And I am a bachelor Lover still!

If I find the form of my love, her colour is not to my [liking

if I get the colour, her form is not to my liking if perchance they both are according to my liking their blend, curiously, is not to my liking.

The image I adored life-long I see not near nor far nor any woman has yet borne that lovely form that can without question become the ruler of my heart!

Long enough did I float amid the shining webs of my
[ own fancy

long enough did the enchanting faces lure my wayward [fancy,

when I tallied the signs I found them all wanting and nothing did stir the spirit of my weird heart!

Those features, that thrill, that form and beauty I found

[ in none

I met her invariably in my undisturbed dreams but when awake, she flew away from the scene! मेळा देख्या, हाटां जोयी, ग्राघी उमर ढूंढतां वीती पणघट-पणघट फिर्यो तिसायो, हर गागर नित लाघी रीती हर डूंगी घाट्यां में म्हारा गीत घर्णा ई हेला मार्या! हर परवत रा माठा नै मैं बैठ सुणायी मरम-कहाणी मिली न मन नै मरवण सागी, ग्रखनकुंवारो हूं ग्रव-ताणी!

के जार्गू, किस्तूरी-मृग हूं, के जांग्यू, मृग-तिरसा म्हारी के जार्गू में तिस्यो पपैयो, के जांग्यू, खुद री लाचारी पर्ण इतरी जार्गू हूं नेचळ, गीत जिकी रा गावूं हूं मैं वा, कोई होवै, ना होवै, मैं तो हूं वस उर्ग रै ताणी ! मिली न मन नैं मरवण सागी, ग्रखनकुंवारो हूं ग्रव-ताणी I went to fairs and to market places for her sake scores of spring, in her quest, I lost in vain.

Moved I from well to well, yet parched, unslaked
I sounded each vessel there, found each one unwet,

[ unfilled.

My songs gave multitudinous calls to her in each dale to each rock of the hill I unfolded my grievous tale but my beloved was nowhere seen.

And I am a bachelor Lover still!

Am I a musk-deer? Is it all a mirage?
Am I a Papaiyo¹ unfulfilled?
Or, is it an acute compulsion of my heart?
However, I am sure of this
that she for whom
the passionate strains flow from my pen
may be a mere phantom
but I am her undying lover still!
Though my beloved is nowhere seen
I am her bachelor Lover still!

<sup>1</sup> Papiha. The bird, it is believed, always pines for his love.

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KRISHNA GOPAL SHARMA (b 1944) is one of those young voices that despise everything that is 'foreign'. In this fierce and defiant mood he wishes to set on fire his own degree of M. A. (English), which, he feels, has created more distance than love among his fellow beings. He wants to confine himself, unlike other poets, to the sources and springs of his own culture, his surroundings, and his society.

His book *Chetan Ri Dhooni* represents that mood quite effectively. The book got the highest award of poetry from Rajasthan Sahitya Academy.

He lives at Ratangarh (Churu) where he was born.

### सहर

सट्योड़ी, संकड़ी-'ड्रेस'
काफी रा प्यालां मांय मर्योड़ी माखी
जुवान-वोध
छोर्यां री मुळक रा श्ररथ-विस्तार
मरमीज्योड़ा गुणाकार
स्मड़ा मागाकार
'स्टोवां' माथै उकळतो पाणी
गिंघता धामलेट
श्राप-धाप रा दिन-रातां रा रैंड़ूला
मूंडै लागी छोरी श्रर
'वकंसापी' घावाजां
गीत— श्रांख-मीच्योड़ो कबूतर
जोड़-तोड़, प्रेस-कंपोज
कई गळत है
श्रादक ढंग ?

#### **CITY**

Drain-pipe trousers.

A dead fly in a cup of coffee.

The importance of being young.

The threadbare analysis of a girl's smile.

Dozens of mad couples.

Scores of bores.

Water sizzling on stoves.

Omelettes smelling foul.

The whirligig of egoistic talks.

A flirt and

feigned voices.

Music-close-eyed pigeons.

Manipulation like composing of press matter,

what in wrong?

Primitive style?

## अंक सोवणापो सत्तर बरस रो'

सूरज री केई उदास किरणां बरसां तांई मळवै रै किणी ढिगलै श्रूपरां चूड़्यां फोड़ती रैयी। नागड़ा ठूंठ बगीचां नैं टी'या दिखाणता रैया। बांभड़ी घरती श्राडी-टेडी पड़छांवां री बांवां मांय होळै-होळै सिसक्यां भरती रैयी।

श्रेक "दोय" श्रे पछी वरसां री विरसा वांभड़ी रा वेटां री लंगट किरगां नैं दोय करड़ा हाय भाल लीनो । सतसंडी महल वण्यो ।

#### ON HIS1 SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

For years
the rays of the sun
in a sullen mood
shone on a heap of garbage
but bore no fruit.
The leafless trees
stared hard at the green gardens,
the arid land
in its irregular folds
sobbed quietly for long.

Of a sudden
the rain in her hands
held aloft the rays of the sun.
A seven-storeyed palace came into being.

हां, यो ईज है सत्तर बरस रो डैगा ग्रास्था रै उएा महल नै चिएायो है। संस्कृति री सोरम सरसायी है। जिनगानी री ऊंचायां, ऊंडायां मांय उडती-ड्बती उएा री कलम री कोर्योड़ी मूरतां ग्रर मानवी-घरम री सदा जुवान सूरतां थारो सत्तर बरस रो सोवणापो सनातन है जजड़बेड़ां री सम्यता मांय वसिण्यां मिनखा खातर स्रंगो सावरा है। सिरजएा मांय सळ नीं है समें माय इगानैं ढावण रो वल नीं है।

<sup>े</sup> तेळगू रा महाकवि श्री विश्वनाय सत्यनारायण री सत्तरवीं बरसगांठ कपरां।

True. This seventy-year old man built this palace of faith with conviction and let culture have its aroma there. Your span of seventy years is a monument to eternity; you portrayed well with a pen that soared high and also deep into the varied realms of life; your portraits of mankind are undying; your life is a spring eternal for those who wallow in the vulgar culture of today: your poetry has an untrammeled flow: even time cannot destroy it.

i The celebrated Telugu poet Shri Vishwanath Satyanarayan.

# अेक मोट्यार बणती उमर सूं

भवै स्यात् तूं (उमर)

इस्स बीड़ी पीविस्तियँ

ग्रद कदे-कदे

भायलां नागै सिगरेट ई पीविस्तियँ

छोरां रा होठां सूपरां

'रेखिया-उठास्' वस्त ग्राय रैयी है।

ग्रद छोरो रोजीनैं

ग्रापरो मूंडो दरपस् मांय
देख रैयो है।

इस्स दी वोली

पस्ती पाकसी है

श्चर सगळे दिन

वो वस्तां मोट्यार

श्चापरी मरवानगी री

श्चापरे 'श्रोकेसन' 'श्रमोशन' री
वानगी लगाय रैयो है

उस्तरी श्रकत उस श्चायी है

उस्त रा होठां रै श्रूपरां ।

उस्त रा गोरा मालां श्रूपरां ।

#### TO A MAN IN THE MAKING

You (the spirit of youth) are coming softly to this young boy, who smokes bidis and enjoys a few whiffs with friends, in the shape of a hair-line on his lips.

This boy now looks at his face in the mirror daily. His voice has become gruff.

This youth in-the-making is now collecting signs of rising lustiness, of his new 'profession', and sudden 'promotion' the [ whole day.

Wisdom has begun to grow on his lips and on his pink-coloured cheeks. परा मूं छ्यां सूपरां ताव देशो गरव री वात नीं है। तूं उरानें कैय देय— यारें मन री 'लुगाई' नें कठें ई करड़ैपरा रो दानो कैद नीं कर लेबै, कूंळी-कंवळी साध री भोळी रीती नीं रैय जाबै, 'लुगाई' नीं मर जाबै। But merely twirling moustaches is not a matter of pride.

Warn him
lest the sweet-heart of his dreams be locked up in some fiendish hands, and he is left, in the end, empty-handed moaning over his loss!

t e			

MADAN GOPAL SHARMA (b 1926) is on the faculty of Hindi department, Rajasthan University, Jaipur. He was born in Samod, Jaipur, in a middle class family. His mother, Smt. Rampyari Devi, is a well-known social worker and was also an MLA in the erstwhile Jaipur State Assembly. Mr. Sharma spent a few months, as a boy, at the Gandhi Ashram, Wardha. He did his M. A. (with distinction) from Rajasthan University and LL. B. from Delhi University.

For two years (1948-1949) he practised as a lawyer, and for the next two years (1950-1951) he served as Secretary, District Board, Sawai Madhopur, before beginning his career of teaching at Government College, Kishangarh.

His first publication of Rajasthani poems is Gokhai Oobhi Gauradi (1965). During the Tagore Centenary year he translated Rabindra Padya Katha, which was published by the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy. He also wrote the biography of Shri Hira Lal Shastri, the first Chief Minister of Rajasthan, entitled Vanasthali Ka Vanprasthi. A collection of his Hindi poems Madhugandha is in the press.

He lives at Ram Kutir, Gopalpura, Jaipur.

## चिड्कोली

म्हारी नीमड़ली री डाळ जी जड़ती ग्रा बैठी चिड़कोली

मार्थं किलंगी पगत्यां मेंहदी
हिंगळू बरगी चांच
पांख सिन्दूरी रूप सुरंगो
देख्यो न सुिंग्यो सांच
श्रा तो रचना एक कमाल जी, उड़ती...

नांव न जासूं गांव न जासूं कुरासै जलम री प्रीत चाराचुकी था म्हारै स्रांगरा गावरा लागी गीत, जारी इमरत वरसै ढाळ जी, उड़ती...

महारै श्रांगण नीमड़ी जिगा री नस-नस कड़वो चहैर कुंज कदम री वांसरी थे उळभी कींकर कैर थारी कांई करां मनवार जी, उड़ती...

ताव तर्प ल्वां चलै जी
सूख्या नंदी ताल
धोरा वगल्या यूळ रा
स्रठै भूंडी वहवै भाळ
काची नींबोळी ही रसाल जी, उड़ती...

#### THE BIRD

A bird came down a-flying perched on a branch of my neem tree, a poem of wonder, neither heard nor seen, hues vermillion, crimson, free.

I know not her name nor place know not I our ties, she came down and poured forth a strain that never dies:

My neem is bitter as gall you a warbler of meadows! I know not how to greet you here among trees as arrows.

Here, sunny summer licks up rivers n lakes the wind raises dust n storm I have no manna to offer you but seeds of neem, raw n warm. जाम्रो कोई हरियल वागां वैठो म्रांवै साख फळ-फूलां री सीळी छायां चालो दाड़म दाख पाग्गी पीवो सरवर पाळ जी, उड़ती...

कै जाम्रो कोई वडमागी रैं जो मिजमान्यां जोग सोना रो मिन्दर चांदी रो पिन्जर मूंगा मोती भोग राज़ै पळकां री म्रोट सम्हाळ जी, उड़ती...

ग्रांख खुली, चिड़कोली उड़गी
पड़ग्या खाई-कूप
ग्रा तो पहली प्रीतड़ली ही
चिड़कोली रै रूप
दुटी ग्रांमुडां री माळ जी, उड़ती...

Better fly to pastures green and nibble at the fruit of your choice, Why wait in a land so bitter n dry? Cool there and rejoice.

Or, go to one in his palace of gold he'll rock you in a silver cage, serve pearls and rubies to you to chew and fondle you with love n care.

I woke. She leapt away plashless, my first love in the form of a bird, ties snapped, gulf widened, tears came in abundance.

## थारै अर म्हारै बीच

यार श्रर म्हारं बीच

मीड़ रो वेथाग बोरंगी रेळो

मिनख सूं मिनख टकरातो

घएाचकरी मोवन मेळो

समदर ज्यूं ल्हैरां लेतो

भक्तभोरतो, बांथ घालतो

कितणी ही बार श्रायो—

पग्, उसांस नांख, रीता ही हाथां बावड़ग्यो

रीभ्यो नहीं मन

तन तकात भीज्यो नहीं।

तूं श्रर में
काया नै पछेवड़ा ज्यूं
हाथा में याम
खाया वरा
हाड़-मांस री ठोस ठसकोळ्यां मांय मूं मी
सफा वेदाग निसरस्या।

#### THE WEDGE

Many a time in our life
an unending tide of people
many-coloured, man colliding with man,
labyrinthine like a fair
undulating like the waves of seas
gripping, grappling,
came between you and meBut it, wearied, eventually
went back, empty-handed:
our hearts were not touched by it,
our bodies absolutely undrenched.

You and I
holding our body in hand like a scarf
by changing ourselves into a shade
passed through many concrete mortal jokes
of flesh and bone
and went out of them unhurt, unsullied.

परा, ग्राज जद तूं ग्रर मैं वीं भवळका खाती ऊभ-चूभ सं दूर ग्रा वैठ्या ई ग्रग्भ इकन्त में ई डीगी ग्रर भडिंग वजरसिला ऊपर वोहड उजाड मैं जठै यारी महारी बाजती सांसां रा इकतारा नैं छोड़ ग्रीर कोई भी सूर नीं सुणीजें तो थारै ग्रर म्हारै वीच चाग्चुके ही ग्रो कुग् ग्रा वैठ्यो द्यितर्यो-द्यितर्यो एक छांवरो उशियारो श्रमाचायो श्रळगाव रचतो एक ही सूरत मैं दो-दो चैरा-मोरा रो दोगली दरमाव रचतो ! म्हां दोन्यां में ग्रांतरो घाल ग्राप नेडो होतो तूं-तूं में-में री फुटकाकड़ी करा कडवा बीज बोतो कृग रो है भ्रो मायावी उणियारी म्हारै मांवें यारो ! ग्रर यारै भावैं म्हारो !!

But today
when you and I
have come far off from the sparkling rut of life
and sit alone on this rugged, immovable rock
amid the wild woods
where nothing except the breath of our warm sighs is

[ heard

how is it
that this strange-looking creature
has come unnoticed between us
creating a gulf?
In one face it makes a full display
of the cunning of many handsome rogues!
It divides us, and itself takes root
and sows between us the seeds of separation.
I do not know what this phantom is
that cheats you in my name,
and me, in yours!

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		•	

MANI MADHUKAR (b 1942) is the one poet known in and out of Rajasthan for his writings (mainly Hindi). His poems and short-stories have been translated into many languages including English and French. After his M.A. from Jaipur he has always been on the move, going from one profession to another and from one town to another. Both his life and writings are unorthodox and unconventional.

Mani Madhukar ('Madhukar' is his pen-name) is a literary journalist, novelist, playwright, and poet. His writings have the stamp of a personality: they have a vast sweep and compelling vigour in them. The National Sahitya Akademi conferred on him the poetry award for his first Rajasthani book Pag Phero in 1976. His first collection of poems in Hindi and Rajasthani appeared under the title Sudhi Sapnon Ke Teer. His other well-known books in Hindi are: Safed Memna, Khand Khand Pakhand Parva, Ghas Ka Gharana, Patton Ki Biradari, and Ras Gandharva.

## दोठ

पांचूं श्रांगळियां नैं पुराचो भारी पड़ै

ग्रकास री सींव बठै तांइज हुवै जित्तो पंछी उडै

दीठ नैं दाय ग्रावै वो ई ग्रपरव रूप ग्रांख्यां री सराह सूं ई मिलै सबदां नैं सांची बखाएा

श्रेकर श्रीरूं दोरावस्मी चावूं म्हें कै श्रसमान नैं सदां श्ररथ देवें पंसेरू री उडाण !

#### **VISION**

The five fingers are no match for a wrist.

The sky rises as far as the bird can fly.

Beauty is that which feasts the eye. Words get their stature if admired by the eyes.

I want to tell you again that the flight of the bird gives meaning to the sky.

#### अचाणचक

मायकोव्हसकी री कवितावां वांचतां नै यांनैं सुणावतां श्रचाणचक महैं ग्रेकदम सुन्नो पड़ग्यो

एक छिए। स्नातर
दीठ री अदीठ श्रंघारी गुफा
सूं जाएँ। कुए।
वारें नीसर्यो अर पाछो
म्हारें मांय बड़ग्यों!

#### AN EXPERIENCE

Reading the poems of Mayakovsky to myself and reading them for you I, of a sudden, stood stunned.

In a moment
some unknown spirit ran out
from the deep dark cave of my vision
and went back into me!

# वियैतनाम : सात सलाम !

कितरा ईज साल बीतग्या पर्गा कोई माई रो लाल थारै पड़कोटै में तिरेड़ नीं घाल सक्यो

घनपितयां रो गुमेज
रळायो माटी में नै
दुनिया री म्राजादी रा डाकी डकरेल
थारी चिटली म्रांगळी सूं
पंजो लड़ावण री
कोसीस करनै मांदा पड़ग्या

थारी नगती थारै वृक्तियां में यांने किए। री परवा वमा रे गोळां तळे व्याव-वान मुकळावे रा नेग-तेग सेती ने खळा कारखाने री चिमनी रो चैं'कारो टावरियां री नगाई फीज-फांटो ने दुस्मण रा दांतड़ा तोट्ण री स्यारी

## THREE CHEERS FOR VIETNAM

Many years have passed but no son of man could make a single breach in your fort.

The arrogance of the rich licked the dust before you, the ghoulish champions of world freedom strove to measure their strength against your wee finger and they too, finally, turned pale.

Your strength lies in your muscles:
Who do you care?
Amidst heavy bombing
your women gave birth to children
and the newly-weds went undeterred to their new homes.
You kept your factories in motion.
You cared for the education of your children
and prepared your army too
for knocking down the wicked enemy.

इतियास में यार जेड़ो कोई दूजो द्रिस्टांत नीं जुभारू जोत रो अबै अक ई नांव "वियेतनाम !

जैसार्ग नै वीकार्ग रैं वियावान जमीं-खंड़ सूं भेजूं महें थानें सात सलाम ! History does not supply a match for you.

Now the name for a fighting candle is VIETNAM.

I send you, O Vietnam, from this arid tract of Jaisalmer and Bikaner my seven salaams!

# आखतो

काजीपेठ रा डाक वंगला में श्रेक कमरो साम्हीं वालखनी श्रर वो वीं री डोळी सारे श्रूभो श्रड़ीजन्त !

चैरा चैरा चैरा ई चैरा नै वां रै श्रूपरांकर उडती बाफ

कोई वीं री जिंदगी में सामल कोनी न न्यारों वो किएा नैं तजे किएा नैं भजें सैवा अणसैंवा लागें अणसैंवा सैंवा अर वीं नैं न मिलण रो चाव नीं अणजाणगी रो पछताबों पण कदे-कदास खुद रै माथे थोड़ी भूभळ आवें वयूंके वो मौका-वेमीका ठौड़-कुठीड़ आपरो नांव भूत ज्यावें

### IN A HURRY

A room in a dak bungalow at Kazipeth.

In front a balcony.

There he stands alone against the parapet wall.

Faces, faces, faces all around. Over them hangs a hazy mist.

There is none close to him
there is none far from him,
who should he give up
and who should he not?—
the familiar looks unfamiliar
and the unfamiliar familiar,
he does not wish to meet anybody
nor does he have any regret for not meeting anybody,
but occasionally he quarrels with himself
for, he forgets his own name
at some unwanted place and time.

वो चाव के किणी
देस-दिसावर में
श्रेक चैरो श्रेड़ो हुवै जिण नैं
सिरफ वो ई देखै
श्रेक श्रकास श्रेड़ो हुवै जिए में
सिरफ वो ई श्रापरा नखत कोर सकै
श्रेक सबद श्रेड़ो हुवै जिएा नैं
सिरफ वो ई कंवळ के चकमक री ज्यूं भाल सकै
एक कथएा श्रेड़ो हुवै जिएा नैं
सिरफ वो ई कंवळ के चकमक री ज्यूं भाल सकै
एक कथएा श्रेड़ो हुवै जिएा नैं

भ्रतेन् सळवटां
नै इठत्तर वरसां री जूनी कामळ
भ्रोड'र कमो वो डोकरो !
भ्रव वो न रितुयां नै उडीकै
नी भ्रागला-पाछला दिनां रा भूगड़ा चार्व
भ्रेकलो भ्राखतो हुय ज्याचै तो वीयर पीर्व
खाली वोतल उछाळ देवै कपर
नै भ्रांख्या मींच
वीं रै टूटण री भ्रवाज सुर्एं !

He wishes
that there should be a face in some land
which he alone can love,
there should be a space
where he alone can etch out his dreams,
there should be a word
which he alone can strike like a splint,
there should be a statement
which he alone can utter!

Wrapped in an old blanket
and in endless wrinkles
stands this old man of seventy-eight!
Now he neither invites the happy seasons
nor recollects the bygone days.
When time hangs heavy on him
he drinks beer
and throws the empty bottle up in the air
and listens unerringly to its cracking sound!



NAND BHARADWAJ (b 1948), one of the most talented young poets of Rajasthani, was born in the village Madpura in Badmer. Educated at Rajasthan University, Jaipur, Mr Bharadwaj worked as research scholar in Delhi before he joined the All India Radio, Jodhpur. His stay at Jaipur seems to have been extremely fruitful as it brought him In touch with the new ideas and literatures of Europe.

During his short span of literary activity, he reviewed books, composed poems, wrote stories and critical essays, edited literary journals and political magazines, and translated books. (He translated *Le Stranger* by Camus into Rajasthani.)

In 1974 he produced his first book of poems, Andhar Pakh, which secured the first prize awarded by the Rajasthan Graduates National Service Association, Bombay. Ar present he is the Programme Executive, AIR, Jodhpur.

## अंधार-पख

सुनसान श्रंघार में
इच्योड़ा दरखत
घोरां रा जूय
श्रूमा है मून
निरजगा जजाड़ में
श्राभ री गिरद में
श्रांग्यां भपकातो चितवगनो
घू-तारो
जमो है जागी किता ई बरसां सूं
भाठ री जीवंत-पूतळी सो

ग्रर हारघोड़ा मारग स्ता है खूंटी ताग्-सांसां फेरती रैंबै पसवाड़ा ग्रासी रात, ग्रर किग्गी ग्रग्गचेत पुळ में ग्रेक ग्रग्ग्यूभ बूंघळको छेवट मख लेबै किग्गी ढाळ खप जाबै हर-ग्रेक ग्रग्ग्रुंताई-जुल म ग्रंघार-पस री ग्रदीठ काळी पुड़तां में !

### THE DARK FORTNIGHT

The trees stand sunk deep in darkness, the clusters of dunes lie speechless in the desolate land, the pole-star winks from the distant lap of the sky: it has stood there for centuries like a living puppet in stone.

The pathways lie wearily, fast asleep, the westerly wind runs about the whole night, and in a moment, without guard a hazy light, at the end, flashes across, and then all atrocities hide themselves beneath the unseen layers of the dark fortnight. जद ई किसीं उरावसें जंजाळ वर्ज ग्वुल जावें मांभल रात में म्हारी ग्रांख श्रेकाश्रेक श्रो ई दीठाव पसर जावें म्हारी दीठ में श्रो ई चिरमिर सरसाटो मरीज्योड़ी लायें च्याहं कूंटों में धोरा डाकतो !

महैं निकळ जावूं गांव री गळियां पार उर्ण सूरवोड़ें कुग्रै कानी जिल् नैं श्रव कोनी वत्तळावे नीं गिनार राखें सा'रै-कर नीसरतां

पण म्हर्ने हाल भी लगाय है
इस् त्याज्यों है कुग्रै मूं उत्तों ई गैरो
ग्रर गाडोघंटा लग बैठों रैवूं
इस् रा फूट्यों इस् सेळी-कोठां माथै
केई बार
ग्रर मैसूसतों रैवूं इस् रो दरद

Whenever my eyes open in the midst of a frightening dream, this very silence, motionless, hung on all sides to the distant dunes.

I then set out of my village towards that waterless well: none speaks to it now people pass by it without a word, without a glance.

But my love is undiminished still for this divorced well. For long hours I sit on its broken edges and suffer its privations inwardly. -कडै गया ग्रां ऊजड् यै घरां में रैविसायां सगळा लोगः

म्हें चाग्यक पूछ लेवूं कुर्प्र मूं ग्रर पड़्तर में घगी जेज तांड गूंजता रैंवें तळ री ग्रंघारी घुमावदार गैराई में म्हारा ई सबद महें भूल जाबूं खुद रो ग्रापो; खळती रात रो बोघ

श्रर इशी मनगत में जद निजर पड़ जावै श्रणफेम में गांव माथै— महनैं जारों वयूं मैसूस हुवण लागे के श्रो गांव हाल भी सागण ठोड़ बिना किशी दुराव पिछतावै कळीज्यां बैठो है

गुमसुम

दुनिया री तेज न्यतार श्रर जीवगा रै नहीं ढंग मूं श्रणजाण साव परवार पछती

> तारां छाये श्रामे नीचे श्रेक छिटवयोड़े काळ-खंड री भांत

I ask the well:
where have they gone
who lived in these shattered homes?
These words, for quite long, travel
in the dark winding depth of the well,
and I, lost in myself, become unconscious
of the waning night.

If perchance I look back at the village I wonder how it lies dumb still, without any regret, unaware of the speed of the modern world and the pattern of new living: a poor souvenir of Time left behind under the starry sky!

ग्रंघारै री
हरेक ग्रनीताई नैं
करतो कवूल
किएी ग्रदीठ सगती रो
मानती छेलो ग्रादेस
ची कोनी उठा पायो कदेई
वेइंसाफी रै वरिसलाफ
कोई ग्रावाज
ग्रेकल या ग्रेकठ रूप में

फेरूं भी जाएँ वयूं

महें नीं विसार टाळ सकूं

इण ठैर्योड़ें काळ-खंड

इएा फाळ-चूक हुयोड़ें श्रादमी नें

खुद री जात्रा रै दौरान

फिरतो-फिरतों फेरूं श्रा पूंगू

पाछों इणी गुवाड़ में,

श्रद भून जावूं

खुद रै घावां री पीड़

हदां पूर्याड़ी पीड़ री हालत देखतां

It defied no deed of darkness rather, took it for the last command of some unseen [ power,

and hence never raised its voice against injustice, alone or unitedly.

#### Still

I could not dismiss from memory (though try I did,) this unmoving souvenir of Time this strayed person! I come back to the village, and seeing the large-sized pain there around my own full-blown pain turns pale.

गैळीजण लागूं इण गांव री निरमळ गोद में धर घिर जावूं उग्गी मांत फेर किणी उजाइ-जंजाळ में— होळै-होळै पगां नीचै सूं सिरकण लागै काठी घरती ताळवै चिप जावै म्हारी जुवान, भागगा री कोसीस में गोडां तांई कळीज जावै पग वेकळू रेत में

ग्रंघार में केई ग्रणजाण उणियारा हाथां में लियां ग्रादम-जुग रा ग्रोजार म्हार नैंड़ा ग्रावण लागे म्हारी मींट गड़ायां म्हारी मींट नैं ग्रर देखतां-देखतां सा'र कर निसर जावे ग्रागे म्हार काना में कीं घमकी-नर्या सबद राळता व ग्रलोप हुय जावे I look a perfect mad-cap in the unsoiled lap of this village, and like it, get lost in some quixotic schemes. The solid earth begins to slip softly beneath my feet, the tongue gets stuck to the palate, and in an effort to whisk away my legs sink knee-deep in the stoic sands.

#### In darkness

many unfamiliar faces with jagged tools in their hands come closer to me, fix their angry gaze into my eyes, and staring go ahead of me.

They pour dire threats into my ears and vanish in the maze of dark lanes.

येक फुरतीली फिक्क समर्चे
गुल जार्ब मांकळ रात में म्हारी ग्रांख
ग्रामाच्क उठ बैठूं मांच माथै
ग्रर देखण लागूं—
ग्रंघार में नीमई री हालती डाळ्यां
ग्रणमणी टीकोळयां कूंपड़ां री,
पण तद तांई
विखर जार्ब सगळो ग्राळ-जंजाळ
ग्रर ग्राम में तारा दांत काढण लागे !
महें फिरोळतो रैंबूं
गळियां ग्राखी रात
बैठी रैंबूं घंटां लग
वां गेळी-कोठां री उणींदी मींतां माथै
वां गूंखार इरादा रो
गैली उडीकतो !

श्चर इशी विचाळ किल से भरम तियां चालू हुवै घाणी : भाग्य फाटण सूं पैली माटा पूरण सातर उठ जावै श्री गांव जांभरक पैली घूमण लागै घट्टी रो पाट चून्हां सूं उठण लागै घूं श्री

Shaken, I sit up on my cot at midnight, see the dithering branches of the neem tree and the faint clusters of the huts, but by then the dream thins out and the stars begin to titter at me!

I wander through the lanes the whole night, sit for hours on the drowsy edges of streams seeking the way to that barbarous dream.

Then amidst this, under the illusion of the new dawn the same old wheel rattles again: the village is up before the sun-break to fill up the pits, the quern moves before the temple-bell rings, the smoke begins to rise from hearths.

उद्धर छावै झाळस मरोड्ता वाड़ां घरां सूं जीव-जिनावर मिनख चरणोई री खोज में चकरी चढ्या घूमता रैवै झावै दिन-वरस-ता झूमर इणी उजाड़ में सिम-या घिरण साथै ई झाभै में झलोप हुय जावै सगळी उम्मीदां

फेर वो ई उजाड़

वो ई घरतो श्रंघारो

चौकेर सालरतो सरणाटो वेथाग

श्राठूं पौर शांख्यां श्रागं
लेवड़ां रो ढेर
नागी-तेड़ां खायोड़ी-मींतां
श्रर जूनी वाड़ रै दोळ-कर
जमती वेकळू री पुड़तांछेवट कायो कर
होवगहार रै हाथां मूंप देवे श्रादमी नैं-

the yards go empty twisting idleness, men and animals go out together in search of grazing fields, they go round and round the same wasteland the whole day the whole year the whole life!

And with the darkfall
all hopes vanish into the thin air.
Again, the same poker-faced wild,
the same entombing darkness,
the same vast, dreadful silence.
At all hours
nothing but the peeled-off layers of houses,
the bare, fissure-ridden walls,
the rising layers of sand around old enclosures:
all this in the end surrenders man to providence.

श्राज भी म्हारा कानां में गूंजी उण श्रांगणी रै श्रधिवचाळी डुसक्या भरती बैठी जमनां री मांदी श्राबाज : (हीयै री हाहाकार) 'डण गांव में नीं खावण नैं जैर है नीं म्हारी खैर किएा रै मरोसी जलम देवूं इस्स पापी पेट में बधती नूंबी दूरमाग नैं?'

खुद री म्रावरू
श्रद लोक-लाज री छोड़ गिनार
वयतै म्रोजरै नें मूनी म्रांस्यां में उतार
वा उण छेली रात घरतै मंगरे में
फेरूं मेकर हळवीं-सी मुळकी
म्रद होळैं-होळैं
भें क मक्य उदासी में डूबगी
नीं बापरी पाछी मोप डण रै डणियारै.

Even today the ailing voice of Jamuna crying hysterically in the centre of her wretched home rings in my ears, (her agony brimful):
"This accursed village doesn't have even poison to give.
I am doomed here!
For which manly hand should I deliver this new growing misfortune in my belly?"

She brushed aside her social graces and conventions and her own prestige, engulfed the growing womb in her vacant eyes. In the gathering darkness that night, she gave a faint smile and quietly sank into deep despair.

She never returned to that old winsome light.

कांडे हवान हुवैता इग् जांमण् में जामण् री ग्रीनाद में; इग्री उपेडवुग् में महें सोधग् निकळग्यो ग्रेक रात इग रो मरतार कोसो फैल्योड़े सूनै उजाड़ में घर उळभतो रैयो ग्रायै-दिन लगूलग ग्रतेल्यूं गांवां-सैरा गळियां री नित-नूंबीं ग्रवनायां में !

जाग्तां-वूमतां सातर अग्जांग वण्योड़ो देखतो रैयो इग् अंघार-पत्त रो तमाम कारोबार घर मांय-ई-मांय करतो रैयो जुद नैं तैयार उग् छेतै संग्राम सारू। What does it communicate, this child-birth?

It's bound to be difficult for both

mother and child!

Lost in it I set out that night in the vast immeasurable

[ darkness;

I combed each village, city, their lanes, bylanes with unbroken continuity.

Knowingly I put on a mask to see the full-length drama of this dark fortnight and mustered up myself inwardly for the last pitched battle.

NARAIN SINGH BHATI (b 1930), Director, Rajasthani Sodh Sansthan, Chopasani, Jodhpur, ranks among the major figures of Rajasthani poetry. His contribution to Rajasthani poetry has been immense. Oulum, Sanjh, Meghdoot, Durgadas, Jeevan-dhan, Paramveer, Kalap, and Miran have all gone into the making of modern Rajasthani literature.

Mr Bhati was born in Maloongo, Jodhpur. Besides being a poet, he is also a researcher and edits *Parampare*, a research journal. He earned his Ph. D. degree by working on 'Dingal Geet'. His contribution to poetry was duly acknowledged by the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy and the Rajasthani Graduates Association of Bombay. His book 'Miran' has won the highest award of poetry from Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy.

# मीरां

ग्ररं ग्रो कितरो ग्रजूबो ग्रनुमव है
इण मैराबां नीचंगुद्गोड़ी काळ-बावड़ियां री पावड़ियां
ग्रेक सलूगी ग्यान रै नेठाव साथं
उतरणो,
ग्रर भीगी पाणी री ऊंडी डोव में
भांकणो,
जठ ऊपतं ग्रंघार रै ग्रमळाक हेठे
पैली बार
म्हारी नैगा-जोत सूं
बै मरमीला ग्राईठागा
सोनजुही ज्यं चमकण लागा।

श्चर किणी रोमांचियै चित्रपट नें देख्यां— श्चाज रै जजास कानी उम्म जुम री गवरत पिमाहारियों सामै पाछी पांचसो पावड़ियां चढमों।

 $\times$   $\times$   $\times$ 

#### MIRAN

It is a splendid experience to look below the debris of history, to climb down a flight of stairs of a tank with faith and certitude and look deep into its unmoving water and find beneath its sluggish layers those mystery chambers which, to my extended vision, begin to shimmer like golden fish.

To climb up those five hundred s' s with the comely maidens of that a towards the neon-light is like to see a movie wreathed in romance.

X

पर्ग इग इतिहास दै उकाग दी निकेवळी प्राव मुगल मरेठां गोरां गरगावती गिरद छण श्राज श्रसेस है भीरां दै सिंदर दी श्रेक परकमा में, जिग खातर वै काळ-देवळ रा कळस हमें मगसा लागे श्रद वो सागड़दो संगीत मीरां दै पगां दै गूंघरियां में श्राय नचीतो होग्यो।

The uncommon nimbus earned through the tide of [history stays:

that effulgence made its way successfully through the clouds of dust kicked up by the Moghuls, the Marahattas, the English. It is still alive in the precincts of Miran's temple; it's on that score the gold-studded tops of the Mahakaal's [ temple

look so puny before hers.

The rhythm of the world fades
where is heard the music of her feet.

x x x

Ranaji couldn't measure
the height of her soul:
the devotional Miran
didn't please his tiny soul.
He said to himself:
This doesn't become a queen.
This going to temple at odd hours
without a trace of protocol!
This conversion of the palace
into a dancing hall at night;
this open-handed offering of doles
to mendicants and saints:
this doesn't become a queen.

x x x

राणा भूत्यों— मोताहळ सिखरां सूं मोटी पाबासर परोटणी नार रो हेमाळ हियो छेवट नार रै हियै रो चिर साल जनानै अरथ लागो राणो बींमरियों— मेट मेड़तणी कुळ री काण मजनी अपसुगनी लागै राजमुबन में ।'

मिजळी मिसलत रै पाण विसहर ग्रटकळियां विस प्यालो पठायो देवण मै'लां री मौत रो छे'लो सनमान

वा कर ले चरणाम्रत चितारती
मरदां री मरदानगी री
भिनिधी स्यात नैं
मुळक री मठोठ सूं फरोळती
जाण्यो-

Rana couldn't fathom her heart that embraced the Mansarovar in itself, that was more precious than a heap of pearls, that was as big as the Himalayas. Stung by her indifference he felt very low, and this, in the end, made his hackles up:

'She has tarnished the fair name of Medata'. A devotional singer's presence is an ill omen in a royal palace'.

The meanest voice prevailed. A cobra was brought in and a cup of poison made to pay her the last honours of the palace.

She took the cup for a heavenly drink and gave an ironic smile ' that tweaked the pride of man in history yet to be written and said: 'सीता नै मावित्री रा गोत में महारी सरूप मात्मा रा प्रग्रंत रूपक सूं इग्रा प्यानै रो त्रो सोदो सीसोद ?' उग्रा डग कंठ हंसी हेठ हळाहळ डकारियो ।

सिज्या रै सिव-कंठां ग्रोट
सैचरती रैएा
दीवाघरी दामएा में
कोलिया नैण,
घुळतां-घुळतां
बतरस बैएा,
श्रंतेवर श्रंतराळां सेज सळवळियां
गैळीजियै राएाँ नैं ग्रायो श्राळ जंजाळ—
खुला पहिया मेडतएा रा मैं ल
पावहियां पथरीजिया मध्यमल थान
सिव करएाँ करतोड़ी सिनान
घोळा तो घरिया है
पीपळ-डाळ
उण गढ मूं उतरती
मगवां पैरिया।

'Many a time my soul
had come in the guise of
Sita and Savitri.
This bargain too, O Sisod<sup>2</sup>, is not bad.'
Unperplexed, she drank the poison
in big gulps.

With darkfall
came the lamp-lighter
and she lit the lamps;
the women sat aroud
and chatted a great deal
love beating in their hearts. Later they went away.
The Rana too with sleep-heavy eyes
retired to bed. He had a dream:
The doors of Miran's palace are lying wide open,
the stairs are covered with velvet
and Miran is bathing at the Siva fountain.
She leaves her white garments on the branch of a peepal
puts on saffron-coloured clothes
and descends from the fort.

पीवर रा भूपणां री पेई खोल वा वांटती जावे है श्रूभै मग सोळ सिरागार रा सराजाम कोई मिदर सू निकळतो वांट जाएँ सीराणी, (राएँ रो मुपन पए मीरां रै मतवाळ मग रो सांच)

सबद खुलै उरा पैल बंधियो सरणाटो गाहै गाह. धिर पलकां रथ रज थिरकतां मीरां मुणियां-जीजर कंठ रा गाडा-डोढा बोल, करी बतळावग् मृगतकेसी क्'वराग्री सीचै बोल में-'मोडा ग्राया रै मानीता सरदार! या वेळा तो कदे बीतगी. म्हारी सार मुरच्छा रो काई बताबो मंद्याळां मोद मीरां तो मार लिया जग छळ मीर ग्रै ग्रमीर मलांई मबो किरण रो कांडे करले कांवळा ।' × ×

On the way she opens her jewellery box given to her in dowry and gives out each ornament of her bridal make-up like a devotee, outside a temple doling out alms, without any favour, to passers by.

Wonder of wonders!
Miran did what the Rana was dreaming.

× ×

There was silence all around. Silence deepened. With her eyes motionless she heard the rumbling of chariots and also heard the gruff voice of the coming lords. The daughter-in-law of Mewar, with her tossing hair unabashedly told them: 'My Honour! You are late. The die is cast. O whisker-proud brave men! Why talk of my safety? Already, Miran has conquered the swindlers of the world. Let the Moghul officers move about and do what they like. The vultures cannot stop the coming light.'

× ×

'कहजो रागाजी नैं
सावळ संगाळ राखै
मता नै मेवाइ,
कांई है कवै रै कांसा रो
भेळो मोह ?
हूं तो मिदर-मिदर
मूरत संवार
कर लेसूं प्रामा पाळणा ।'

 $\times$   $\times$   $\times$ 

मन गमगीन गई
ग्यान सबद रो चाह
'नारी सूं मिलै नहीं गोस्वामी जीव'
ग्रा नुग्तां ही उचिटयो जीव'कुग् नर कुग् नार
कुग् क्ष कुण नीच
कुण सिद्ध
डम् विस्व कुंज में
रमै

श्रेक भाण किरण श्रातमा ।' 'Tell Ranaji
he should guard his wealth and his Mewar well.
What's there
in making a stable supply of food?
Me? I shall move
from temple to temple
serving My Lord,
and keep myself alive.'

x x x

In search of Truth and Wisdom
she roamed about and once heard:
'Jiva Gowsami doesen't meet woman'.
This made her cheerless, and she blurted:
'Who is man, who is woman?
Who is high, who is low?
Who is perfect, who is not?
Who is the means, who, the end?
One common ray of the Sun
runs through the bower of this universe.

मोटोड़ा मठां री जाएी जाण, जिसो ही दियो जबाब 'यारा ग्रापाए। में पिछाएी महे तो पंथ बाळी पीड़-

'खर बंट रा लोमी लैगायतां ! घरा नैं घींगाग बांटी भूपतियां घन नैं सूंत लियो घनपतियां घरम नै पंथ में पळीट थे नर नै नारायण बांटियो।'

श्वरै मठां री मठोठ करणियां
महे तो पाड़िया गढां रा कांगरा
महे तो छोड़ी सिहां री मांद
इण माळां में हमें कांदे भांकणो,
थे गूयू गुमेज सूं संवारो हो नीड़
बारै श्वावो तो बंटै घरती री पीड़।

 $\times$   $\times$   $\times$ 

In no time she knew about the big monasteries and knew what they were and gave a fitting reply:
'I have understood your philosophy of brotherhood. (Mine is the path of suffering.)
'The kings divided the world the affluent swept the riches of the world. And you greedy money-bags, dividers! you, encasing Dharma into a sect, have divided Narayana too for human beings.'

'O, you wanton masters of monasteries!
I have left the stranglehold of castles.
I have left the lairs of lions.
Why should I, again, peep into these tiny places?
Owls are the janitors of your nests.
Come out
and share the sovereign pain
that is in the world.

हायां री मुरली हिय लाय
हांफती काह्यों—
'रै हठी कान्हा, बोल
म्हारी हियो भंबारा लावै
ज्ती जमना रै पाट मैं,
म्हे डण मुरली खातर
बण ज्यूं तोड़्या नुगणी सामू रा श्रोळभा
जुग-जुग रा कामगा कियोड़ा कांकण तोड़
तोड़ी श्रद्धांणी सांसां री जंतर डोस्ड़ी,
के-के तिरिया श्रजूका मैराण
थारा श्रणियाळा नैणां री पोई माछळी,
एक तान मूं भरदे प्राणां में लीला प्राण

'यूं तो रकमण लेवण न्हाटो सांवठी फोज चढाय हं तो लघण करतोड़ी डूंगर लांघ थारै कारण बाई ब्रेकली तो ही रूठै तूं स्थाम हमें हूं रूठी तो चग नातो तांतो टूटसी' At last
keeping the flute of Krishna close to her heart
breathlessly she said:
'Break your silence, my obstinate Kanha's.
My heart is tossing in the swirling stream of the old
[ Jamuna.

For the sake of this flute
I broke off, like a straw, all the loops of the palace,
I snapped, like a thread, all the plaints of my good
[mother-in-law.

I wrote off all the magic bonds of my wedding and shook off the ties of my mortgaged life. You do not know how in loving you, this maddened fish has crossed the unknown seas. Fill my soul, Lord, with your sweet music give my drooping nerves an added thrill and make my life worthy of living.

'To fetch Rukmani
you went with a big force
but I have myself come for you
crossing high hills, hungry, all alone.
Still, you are unshaken.
If I show my temper once, bear with me,
all ties of the world will come to an end.'

<sup>1</sup> Miran's parental home.

<sup>2</sup> Address to the king, 3 A name for Lord Krishna.

	•

PARAS ARORA (b 1937), a compositor by profession, is an industrious composer of poems. He was born at Ajmer on the day of Rakshabandhan. His education, by formal standards, was very meagre. But he has made up for this shortcoming by learning other languages and literatures.

His inclusion among the five poets of Rajasthani EK brought him to limelight. Later, his book Jhal placed him among the front-ranking poets. For sometime he edited Janakari and Deeth.

His prose works include *Khulti Ganthan* (1978). His translation of an American novel is complete and will come out soon in print.

His address: Mehta Bhawan

Kabootaran Ro Chowk

**Jodhpur** 

## हिसाव

श्रेक सेठ दुकान में बैठ्यो गिर्गे रिपिया श्रर हिसाब लगावै दिन भर री कमाई रो

श्रेक निरभागण रसोई में बैठी गिर्ग पोयोड़ी रोटियां फेरें श्राट रें खाली पीप में हाथ श्रर हिसाब लगावें कड़ूंबै री भूस रो।

#### ACCOUNTS.

A big businessman
in his shop
checks up his sales proceeds
and works out
the day's profit.

An unfortunate woman sitting in her kitchen counts the baked chapatis, checks up moving her hand in the empty flour-drum and works out the details of the starving family.

# नुवों रूप

म्हारा सं सपना बदळ्या कानां मुखीजता मुर बदळ्या श्रंतस री बदळी श्रात्मा भावना नुवैं रूप प्रगटी-

> जूनो बळग्यो पान-पान कू पळां नुवीं निकळगी ।

म्हारा सपना-ग्रामें मैं उड़णो छोड़ जमीं री गळियां डोलैं।

कानां मैंमिवर री घंट्यां ठोड़
मिलां रा मोंपू बोलैं।

बिकी मावनापरसेवां री बूंदां बदळै,
श्रंतस में जलमी
नुवीं मातमा श्रांख्यां खोलै।

#### THE AWAKENING

All dreams: changed.
All that I had heard: changed.
The soul of my self: changed,
and hence
the emotions took up a new shape.

All that was old was burnt to ashes, the new leaves sprouted everywhere.

My dreams used to sky-roaming are happy in the bylanes of the earth.

My ears
used to temple bells
now enjoy the siren hoots.

My feelings are replaced by harsh realities: the sweat of the eyebrow is wiped off. A new-born soul opens its eyes within.

# क्यूं अर किण रै सारू

केई-केई बार पिरवी री परकमा करणाळा दोय पग -वैसाल्यां रै सा'रै क्यूं ?

श्रनेकानेक बजराघात भेलणाळो श्रेक सीनो -वयूं उणमे हिड्दै रो प्रतिरोपण ?

ग्रंबार में ई मीलां सफीट देखणाळी दोय ग्रांस्यां - स्यूं घारी पासाणी थिरता ?

#### WHY AND WHAT FOR

The two legs
that have gone round the globe
many a time
—why do they need crutches now?

The breast
that has braved
many an onslaught
—what for in it this transplantaion of heart?

The two eyes
that can see through darkness
for miles and miles
—why have they turned stone-blind?

ध्रावता जुगां री समस्यायां रो समावान वियोड़ी श्रेक 'मेकेनाइज्ड' सोपड़ी -वयूं हिसाव नीं लगाय सकी खुद री जिंदगानी रो ?

नयूं श्रेक रघुकुळी जनो है भुत्रयोड़ो जग-जगै सूं दूटयोडो-तिड्नय'ड़ो जमानो नीं जागी किगा री स्वतंत्रता सारू निरंतर कर रैयों है संग्राम ? The 'mechanized' brain
that promises solutions
of the coming times,
—why can't it calculate its own span of life?

Why does he
the high-born, stand bent and broken?
Does not the world know
whose freedom
he is struggling for?

RAGHURAJ SINGH HADA(b 1928), one of the top-ranking poets of the Hadoti region, was born in Chamalasa, Jhalawar. He spent most of his life close to cottages and fields. As a teacher in various government schools of the region, he had the opportunity of living with and understanding the problems of the simple folk. His poetry, on that score, reflects the flavour and colour of the Chambal countryside. His *Phool Kesoola Phool*, published by the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy, documents this interest very well.

His other major works in Hindi and Rajasthani are: Ghooghara (Raj.), Anabanchya Akhar (Raj.), Gauray Rajasthan (Hindi), Bolte Pathar (Hindi).

## कतनी बार महंं?

कतनी बार मरूं, म्हूं कतनी बार मरूं? उगता सुरज ज्यूं उठ, पाछो कतनी बार गरूं?

> जद जनमूं जद वाही, पीड़ा वै का वै नरकां का कीड़ा ऊहीं ढोवो बोभ दिनां की, कुण पै भार घर्टें ? म्हं कतनी वार मह्हं ?

या चोमेरूं फीकी हांसी,
भूंठा, श्रवणावण की फांसी,
सैं संभ्या चमनी को बुक्तबो, कतनी बार डरूं?
म्हं कतनी बार मरूं?

दोड़ा-दोड़ मचाता सा'वा, मंदरा-मंदरा तपता मा'वा, काची मटकी वेच ठगोरी, कतनी बार करूं? महूं कतनी बार मरूं?

#### SHALL I DIE AGAIN AND AGAIN?

Shall I die again and again?
Like the sun I rise.
Shall I set too like him again and again?

Each time I am born, I see the same foul pain, the same vermin of hell; if each time I have to bear the burden of days on whom shall I place this pannier of pain? Shall I die again and again?

All around there is a wan smile, relations: a well-woven net of wiles, each evening, without fail, the lamp dies; but, shall I fear it again and again?

Shall I die again and again?

There is a great fuss of weddings all around the kilns are warming up in each round; shall I sell off the pots half-baked and sell my soul too? But, shall I do it again and again? Shall I die again and again?

### कतना दन ग्रीर

कतना दन श्रीर श्रस्यां ? कतना दन श्रीर ?

ताणां का ताजमहल ये मींतां रेत की,

व्याळू की वेरां कोरी वातां क्षेत की,

यो नटवो वेवस—

ये खाटा श्रर श्रधपाक्या बोर ! कतना दन श्रीर ?

हांडी पै जाळा क्यूं पूरै छै माकड्यां चून्हा की पाती में यूं देती लाकड्यां, भूला ही बैठया रैं मोळा टावर मूंडा घो'र — कतना दन ग्रीर ?

पाताळां पाणी की ग्राड़ी भुक भांकवी, मिठवोला मेघां को डूंगरिया डाकवो, भाटो ज्यूं को ज्यूं— पण घसगी या उमर की डोर ! कतना दन ग्रीर ?

#### HOW LONG

How long will you be like this, how long, dear?
This Taj Mahal of cards stands on infirm sands.
Your empty talks of golden harvest at the evening meals, your desprate 'noes' to kids, your green, unripe fruits.
But how long?

Why do the spiders weave around your kitchen pots? Why the smoky firewood in your hearths? And why do your children starve and cry for a crumb of bread? How long?

This prying into the receding wells this flying of pleasant-sounding clouds over the hills but this giant stone didn't tear a bit while your fibre of life is wearing thin. How long?

ï

द्याने से जा भांके नूरज भण्डार में कोई की ग्रंगणाई तड़पे ग्रन्थार में मिनसा ई रहणो छै— कतना दन वसा गूंगा डोर ? कतना दन ग्रीर ?

भामी चूरी पाड़ां ई वादळ महल में तर्णाग्यो नयूं राखो छो रूई का फहल में यो खटको मटज्या पर्ण चाहीजे भटका में जोर! कतना दन श्रीर? The sun quietly peeps into a rich home, a heart beats nervously in a dark house. Do you still wish to be human beings? Not by being dumb cattle, I suppose. How long?

Let us rip open this palace of cloud let us not keep a wee straw in a cotton coil. All this danger can end for good if you strike and strike hard.



RAMESHWAR DAYAL SHRIMALI (b 1938), poet and short-story writer, is currently on the Advisory Panel of Rajasthani to the Central Sahitya Akademi. Born in Karachi, Pakistan, he had, owing to uncertain political circumstances in the country, a very irregular education. Nonetheless, he succeeded in obtaining his M. A. (Hindi & Economics) from the Rajasthan university.

He brought out three books of poems: Hadi Rani, Bavano Himalo, Mharo Gaon. Also, he edited many books in collaboration with Rawat Saraswat. His prose work Salwatan, a collection of short stories, earned him the first prize of the Rajasthan Sahitya Akadmi in 1977. In the following year he won the Vishnuhari Dalmia Puraskar for his poetry.

He has written a good number of books in Hindi too, of which Kautilya (poetry) has been rated very high by critics. He is the founder-secretary of Saraswati Samaj, Jalore. At present, he is the Head Master of Government Secondary School, Jawali, District Pali.

## म्हारा मास्टर

थारै में कांई गुरा है के तनें नमां, गैला मास्टर ! राजनेतायां री जरूरत मुजब तूं को करवा सकें नीं

'प्रदर्शन'

को भड़कवा सकै नीं

'ग्रान्दोलन'

को लगवा सकै नीं नारा को छिड़कवाय सकै नीं पेट्रोल को चळवा नकै नीं वसां को चलवा सकै नीं छुरा थारे में कांई गुएा है कै तने नंमां ?

x x X

#### MY MASTER

×

Why should we bow to you, my odd Master?

Do you have any special virtue?

You cannot arrange quick processions the call of the politicians.

You cannot stir agitations and make people raise slogans.

You cannot sprinkle petrol and set the buses on fire.

You cannot incite a free play of daggers.

Why should we bow to you?

X

X

भूड, यें जितरी पडायो गगलो है भूट घव को होवे नी एक घर एक दो एक नै काट र दो किया जावै गुरज रै चनकर को लगावै नी घरती द्या तो मोना रै चनकर लगावै ग्याण कोगी बगाबै ग्रादमी नै पिटत भादमी नै पीनो पिटत बगावै देम ताग्री सहादत देवण मूं महीद को होवै नीं सहीद तो बूरमी माथै बैड्योड़ां रा रिस्तैदार होवै ग्रामी मू ऊची बाप कोनी मता है घरती सुं मारी मा कोती

करमी है।

थै म्ह्तै निन भोळायो महारा मास्टर ! Whatever you have taught me is lies. proven lies. One plus one does not make two now one is cut and made two. The earth does not go round the sun it goes round gold: Learning does not make a scholar it is gold that makes one so. Deeds of sacrifice do not make a patriot, the kin of 'Chairs' are born patriots. You said : No father is higher than the Heavens. O, no ! Power is higher by far. You said: No mother is greater than the earth. O, no! The Chair is much, much higher.

I feel cheated, my dear Master!

Note: Master is used ironically here. It means 'teacher' in a general sense. I have retained the word for its sound effect.

# म्हारो गांव

कठेई की तो बदिलयों नी बठे रो बठे हैं महारों गांव लोग कैवे हैं कै डी. डी. टी. मूं माछर मरें पण सबै माछर होयग्या है डी. डी. डी. रे हेवा।

लोग तो बैम मैं जीवें जयप्रकास रें जेळ में रैवण मूं राज कोनी बदळ्यो राज तो तस्करां माथें 'मीसा' लागण मूं बदळ्यो है खाद्या सिवाय म्हारा गांव रें मिनखां रें योट नें कुरणसी ठोड़ हो ?

पड़ग्यो । पण व तो वठ रा बठ है रामन री लाइनां में जरूरतां ने टापता

 $\times$   $\times$   $\times$ 

#### MY VILLAGE

Nothing has changed here.

Everything is as it was.

They say:

DDT kills mosquitoes
but now the mosquitoes kill DDT.

People live in a paradise
of their own making.
The government did not change
because JP went to jail,
it changed
because MISA hung over the heads of smugglers.
Which place did my people have
for their votes
except the pit of garbage?
Now the vote is cast.
But they are where they were
standing in the long queues at the ration-shops
looking for daily needs.

× × ×

महनै तो माचाग्गी
श्रवम्मी होवै है
के श्रठे
इग् महारै गांव री माटो में ई
कियां जनम्या होती
तिलक
के मुनास, के गांधी, के मगतसिष
कार्य ठा' चोष्पो हो
श्रा रे मरगी रो मोहरत
के कार्य ठा' चमकाया श्रा नैं
मुवेळा री मीत

नींतर
महारै गांव में ती
बड़ा-बड़ा विनूवियस
हीमाळो हो'र
तिन-तिन कर पीषळी!

I often wonder
how men like Tilak, Subhas, Gandhi,
and Bhagat Singh were born
in my village?
Good, they died at the appropriate time
and their timely death, in fine,
brought them glory of the highest kind.
Otherwise
in my village
(men) as big as Vesuvius
turn cold like the Himalayas
and melt inch by inch!

भूग घर प्रज्ञान श्रर घरपाचार बगाय दीना है म्हार गांव री जनता नैं गांधी जी रा तीन बांदरा वै समभतां यकां ई को देखें नीं देगतां धकां ई को बील नीं जाएतां धकां ई को सुर्ण नीं कदेई की सुर्ण नीं मलै री कोई लाल वात कदेई की कसीज नीं वांरी मूठियां कदेई को उठ नी मर्योडा हाय !

Hunger
Ignorance, and
Tyranny
have turned the people of my village
into the three monkeys of Gandhi:
they know but they do not see,
they see but they do not speak,
they feel but they do not listen.
They never listen
to the angry talk of their well-being,
nor do they ever tighten their fists,
nor do they ever raise their grieved hand.



RAWAT SARASWAT (b 1922) is a distinguished Rajasthani scholar, critic, editor, and poet. His period of literary activity spans over forty years during which he tirelessly worked for the promotion of the Rajasthani language and literature. His formal education (M. A. Hindi and LL. B.) brought him neither joy nor any sense of satisfaction: he wanted to do something of enduring value.

In 1944, he set out to serve the cause of Rajasthani leaving his lucrative job in the bargain. In his youthful enthusiasm, he went from place to place digging out the unknown treasures of Rajasthani literature. He edited Dingal Geet, Dalpat Vilas, Mahadeo Parvati Ri Veli, Aaj Raa Kavi, Jankavi Ustad, Rajasthan Ke Kavi and translated into Rajasthani Tagore's Bansari and Jafarnama of Guru Govindsingh. Surprisingly enough, he did not bring out a collection of his own poems.

He is well-known as the founder-editor of *Maruvani*, the first and foremost Rajasthani monthly. He is also the founder-member of the Rajasthan Bhasa Prachar Sabha, Jaipur, under the auspices of which he conducted many examinations in Rajasthani. Also, he organised a number of literary seminars that are still remembered for their fruitfulness and sense of direction.

Appreciating his services to the cause of literature, the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy honoured him with the 'Vishista Sahityakar Puraskar'. He has been chosen recently Chairman of the Rajasthani Bhasha Sahitya Sangam (Akademy), Bikaner.

He lives at D-282 Miran Marg, Bani Park, Jaipur-6.

हेलो

संख फूंबमा देवरां, बाज्या' ज जंगी होल हेली झाइमी रसासेत रो

उठ जाग मा रा लाइला, ग्रव बसत ग्रामी चेत रो हेली ग्राइमी रणसेत रो

तोरियां री ताल, सोवन पानगी हुनराइयो दूर्या बार घपाइयो, निस नैगां जाग जवाइयो ध्रव डठ सपूनी रा पूत, मांगूं मोन मूंघै हेत रो ध्रव बयत ध्रायो चेत रो, हेनो ध्राइयो रगायेत रो

जामण जाया बीर म्हारा, गोद मोद खिलाइया नित सलूर्ण रासड़ी रा तार थे बंघवाइया उठ ब्रास्तड़े रैं नेग मॉगूं, सीस दुसमी देत रो हेलो ब्राड्यो रणवेत रो

#### THE CALL

Chorus: Awake, arise, Mother's darling!

there is a call from the battlefield,
conches are blown in temples
and war-drums beaten;
the time has come for you now
to awake, arise.

Mother: I rocked you to sleep in a golden cradle to the tune of sweet lullables with nights lodged in my eyes.

I fed you to the fill with milking overflowing from my breasts but the time has come for you now dear son, to awake, arise and also for me to get the reward of my labour and life.

Sister: I fondled you with great care and love, tied the holy Rakhi on your wrist year after year, but the time has come for you now to awake, arise and also for me to beg. the head of the foe will be my prize.

चौमुस दिवलो जोय, रंगमहलां' ज सेज संवारती बादीलें नें बांहड़ी घर सीस, मुळक मनावती ग्रब जाग लसकरिया, लर्ज सिणगार घण परणेत रो हेलो ग्राहयो रणसेत रो

मेवड़लां भड़ सींच सूखी घरण घन निपजाइयो काड़ धूंडें काळजें सूं नीर ठंडो प्याइयो अब जाग मुरघरिया, चुकावण करज बाळू रेत रो हेलो भ्राइयो रणसेत रो Wife: I lighted the lamp in the bed chamber for long, rested your head in my arms for long, tickled you, naughty one, with a smile for long but the time has come for you now to awake, arise and also for me to say:

let my ornaments weep and sigh.

Land: I gave you golden harvests in dry seasons gave you cold water of deeper regions but the time has come for you now to awake, arise and also for me to claim:

Son of the Desert!

pay off the debt of the caressing sands.

कुरा कैये काळ पड़ग्यो ? कर्ड है काळ ? तिसाई घरती रै ताळये चिन्योड़ा बळवळतो बाळू सूं भूंज्योड़ा फूस री टापरयो ग्रर भूंपो रा जजड्योड़ा गांवो ग्रर ढाग्गियां रा ग्री निरमागिया जीव वयूं जलम लियो द्या खोड़ में ?

कायर हा, युजिदल हा, वेवकूफ हा
आं रा पुरला
जिका इम्म निरमामी घरती में
लुक'र प्राण बचाया!
लूंठा हा, बीर हा, सायर हा बै
जिका माळ री घरती नैं दाबी राखी
अर देमिकाळो दियो यां नाजोगां नैं
तनतोड़ मैनत कर भी
जिका वो जूम टुकड़ा नीं तोड़ पाया
गयां री ज्यूं लद-लद भी
जिका देम पर दाम्मां री जमां लातां खाई
बार सावर घरती रा मुख कोनी सिरज्योद्या
माग री अगुनंहिता में
बारी खंडळी नै जमां कोनी!

#### **FAMINE**

Famine?
Where is famine?
Sticking charred to the palate of this land
roasting in the burning sands
you unfortunate dwellers of the villages and hamlets
of huts and hovels,
why did you take birth in this infernal land?

Their ancestors were cowards, chicken-hearted, and [simpletons

who hid themselves in this land
and saved their lives!

And they were brave, mighty, lion-hearted
who kept the rich, fertile land under their sway
and banished those nincompoops
who strained every nerve of their body
only not to get a morsel of bread,
who though overladen like a donkey
earned kicks instead of hard-earned food!

The earthly comforts were not made for them,
their fate, in fact, had severed itself from the Wheel of

भै भंजन रा कृषा, भै दाखां रा सेत भै गरणाता ट्रैन्टर, भै कोसां लग खेत भै छळळळती नहरां, भै कमतिरया चाकर भै फारम, भै जीपां, भा दारू, भा चोधर मुरा रा भै साधन बांरा कियां हो तकै ? बीजळी सूं गरमागोड़ा बीजळी मूं ठण्डायोड़ा बीजळी मूं चमकायोड़ा बीजळी जूं पळपळाता भै भानीमान बंगला बारां किया हो सकै ?

भै कुन्नण ज्यूं दमकती, चन्नण ज्यूं मटकती नागकुंडाळा सा नेमां रा जूड़ा सजावती चांलीदार ब्लाइजां में गारे चीकर्ण दील रा पळका मारती टैरालीन में मरसर करती, मरमराती कारां मैं दौड़ाती चै नाडुकड़ी हिरणासियां— बांरी कियां हो गकै ? These tubewells, these vineyards, these zooming tractors, these far-flung fields, these swelling canals, these devoted servants, these farms, these jeeps, this wine, this awe, these means of comforts, how can these be theirs?

These stately bungalows warmed by electricity cooled by electricity illumined by electricity shining like electricity, how can they be theirs?

These delicate-framed, these deer-eyed women sparkling like gold sweet-smelling like sandal, who wear glamorous hair-dos who drive fast the shimmering motor-cars who swish past in terelyne dresses, whose smooth, eloquent flesh winks out of their new-fangled blouses, how can they be theirs?

घरती रो म्रो मुरग बांगे है जिया मुजबळ रा मगी है जिया गज रो काळजो घर मिनय रो गगज रायें जिकां में होमलो है संघर्ती मूं जूमगी रो घर सामस्थ है घरतें बसत मूं बांगां मर लटगी री।

जीव रो मल जीव ई है, नेम यो कुदरत रो मदाली नै महाली त्या, जिनावर जिनावर नें मिनरा नै मिनरा त्या, वस फरक है त्याएँ रो जीवैलो वो ई, जिको हुआं नें ला सक राय'र पचा सक जीवण रो हक तो बस समरथ ई ले सकै।

भै तत्करिया नेता, भै पूससीर श्रफगर भै दळवदळू एम. एस. ए. सीदागर मंत्री श्रा लाटमेंस परमिट री विणजारण सत्ता भै काळां रै नांव पर तकाव्यां रा गटका भै कर्जी मजूर्यां लिल तिजूर्यां भरणा भै कर्यां रा करण कर्या बीस-बीम बरसां यिन भै 'विकास' नैं दाणां नैं तरमां भै सगळा मान है, साम्बत है, भादू है फरक है नांव रो, तरीके रो दंग रो । The paradise of the earth, dear, belongs to the plucky and strong-armed, to those who are manly and big-bosomed, to those who are sharp and skilled, to those who have the guts to strive and fight to those who have the grit to grapple with the dismal times.

Life thrives on life
is the law of nature.
Fish swallows fish, animal, animal
and man, man:
the difference is in the style of eating!
He alone will survive who can eat up others
eat up and also digest.
The brave alone have the right to live.

These smuggling leaders these corrupt officers these shifting MLAS these mortgaged ministers!

This big gulp of money in the name of famines.

This stuffing of coffers by fabricating wages.

This debt of billions for decades.

Woe to such 'Development' where we starve for food.

All this is true, habitual, and undying
the difference lies only in name, approach, and style.

वै राजा, वै राष्यां, श्रे नेता, नेताण्यां वै जागीरां चंदती, श्रे परमीटां कटती न भेद है जमाने रो, न काम रो भेद है। श्राज जिका मोळा है, निरवळ है, भूखा है वै पैनां मी मोळा हा, निरवळ हा, भूखा हा।

नाग रै मरोसै जिका गोडां पै माथो टेक जुग-चुग मूं मेह री उड़ीक में बिताई जूस यांनै हक जीवसा रो ? किसो भी कायदो ? जीवमा री चाह बा, दीवें री लोग सी चीरती निरासा रो घटाटोर ग्रंघारी संभळ-सभळ, कांटां नै करड़, पग मांटती बहती ई जावें वस भ्रणयक वण चालती।

काळ रै नांव मूं भीना पर जीवणियां दान रा दागा। सा दान-जळ पीवणियां दया री मजूरी पर माटी सिर ढोविग्यां भूत रै रोग मूं भूर-भूर कर रोविग्यां। मिनम रा जाया, ये हांगी कर भूठी! सतकारी बसत मैं, गरमावी सून मैं। Those kings and queens gave away the Jagirs these leaders of both sexes issue permits!

Neither the style of work nor the times separate that from this.

Those who were starving, weak, and innocent are starving, weak, and innocent even today.

Those who pinned their faith on fate and waited, heads drooping, life-long for rains do they have a right to live? Strange? That urge for life, like the flame of a lamp can tear the looming darkness of pale hope, can crush the thorns strewn along the way and move on and on and on unerringly, and without a pause. You beggars subsisting on the doles of famine-relief, you lickers of charity you swillers of charity you niggers, you coolies you weepers ever consumed by hunger. Awake, arise! Play the man! You Sons of Man! Throw a challenge to these doleful times !

पूरव रा मेनदूत गरेमो लाया है नतमत री बाड़ी मूं गून री गरमी रो करमां री ललकारां धूजनी घरती रो धान रै गेतां रंग-रावती जवानी रो । पूरव रो होतो श्री टकरायी समदो जा नक्मल री ग्रायी लगी केरल री कांकडां।

जर्ठ-जर्ठ करमो है. भूल है, काछ है
बर्ठ-वर्ठ नवमन की बांति भूचाछ है
नासन है बाइमेर, नवसन है बीकानेर
जैमलमेर जायपुर जालोर नवसन है
लाखां है मोल है करमां भी जिदमी
दाएगां बिन पाएगी बिन दम तोई जर्ठ-जर्ठ
बर्ठ-वर्ठ गांवां में, दाण्यां में, भूषां में
नामन ही घानमा चील-चील ललकारै
यूठो है करमों, मांटी मुख्यरिया,
धारी ठोकर जुग पमवाड़ो फेरमी !

The message has come from the east:
the message of Hot Blood from Naxalbari
the message of the land shuddering
with the defiant voices of the peasantry,
the message of youthful dalliance amidst rice-rich fields.
This storm of Naxal has touched the bounds of Kerala.

Wherever there is hunger, famine, and peasantry the sure force is the Naxal revolution.

Now Barmer is Naxal, Bikaner is Naxal Jaisalmer, Jodhpur, Jalore all Naxals.

Wherever the priceless life of a peasant in a hut, hamlet, or a village wilts for lack of food or water, the soul of a Naxal cries there in agony. Sons of sand!

Rise and make men of yourselves.

Your kicks will turn the tide of the times.

SANWAR DAIYA (b 1948), short-story writer and poet, was born in Bikaner. After his graduation he worked as teacher in a school. His early attempts at story-writing yielded good results. *Asawadai Pasawadai*, a collection of short-stories, brought him awards from the Rajasthan Sahitya Akadmay as well as the Marwari Sammelan, Bombay.

His two volumes of verse, Man-gant and Kaal Aur Aaj Rai Bichhai established his reputation as a poet.

#### His address:

C/o Kani Ram Sagar Mal Jail Road Bikaner

## कोयलो इत्तो काळो कोनी हुवै

थे घड़ी-घड़ी म्हारो घपमान ना करो अपमान मैबण री भी भ्रेक हद हुया करैं हैं – ये भा ना भूतो

यार इंग् युष्य रो उपछो भवे में प्रा थुपड़ मूं देवूंला (टावे गाल माथ थुपड़ पाय'र जीवगो गाल यार माम मेल'र में गांवी बण्यो कोनी लावं!)

यां रो टेरीकॉटन रो मूट
याटा रा चमचमाट करता जूता
रंगीन टाई घर चस्मो
है जुग री फैसन हुबैला
पण नट्ठै-डॉबटी रो चोळो घर पजामो
घसीज्योहै तळां घाळो चपन
मैं भी पैर्या करूं हूं
(मैं नागो-डघाड़ो कोनी !)

#### COAL

Don't insult me again and again.

After all, there is a limit to my endurance too.

I shall give you now a slap for a slap. (I do not wish to be a Gandhi anymore who would turn his right cheek after a slap on the left!)

Your terrycotton suits
your shining Bata shoes
your colourful tie and goggles
may be in vogue today.
But the rough cotton pyjama and kurta,
and chappals with worn-out soles
I too wear.
(I am not just bare!)

नैम्बर में थारी कृसी मार्थ घुमे पंतो घण्टशी बजायतां ई चपडासी हाजर हुवै पगा मृणी-में भी ज्यार टांगां प्राळी कुर्मी मार्थ बैठ्यों हूं (में भ्रयर में कोनी लटकूं!) ये हरगीजता हुवोला के था रै दस्तरातां सूं म्हारी तिषया रो बिल पास हवै पण मृणी-तीस दिनां तांई त्त्रन-पंगीनो ग्रेक कर्या पछै महारी शांगगी में घूमर घाले पहली तारीम रो मुख (कुड़ा विडद बनाण बन्धीस लेबणियो चारण-भाट कोनी मैं!)

ये हीरा रारा ग्रेफाइट गरा पण में भी 'कार्यन मुप' रो हूं मुग्गी-में कीयली हैं भर याद रागी कीई बोयली इसी काळी कोनी हुयैं कै जग्मों ई लाल भी हुयें ! The fan hovers over your head in your chamber the peons are at your beck and call but listen,
I too sit on a four-legged chair.
(I do not hang in mid-air!)

You may gloat
that your signature clears my salary bill
but listen.
I pour off sweat for thirty long days
then the pleasures of each first<sup>1</sup>
weave a dance in my yard.
(I am no charan or Bhat<sup>2</sup>
who would sing in praise of trash
only to get a few coppers!)

You may be a genuine diamond
a genuine graphite
but I am also of the 'carbon group'.
Listen, I am coal.
And remember
no coal is so black
that it never turns red ever so little!

<sup>1.</sup> First of every month.

<sup>2.</sup> A snide reference to poets who compose 'flattery' more than poetry.

### तटस्थ लोगां रै देस मैं

मृं योफारै

सूरज उद्याळी हो गीरा

श्रामी सूं

भें पूछ्यो यां सूं

तावड़ो किसो श्राकरो है ?
वै योह्या हंस'र—

हुवैसा !

ग्रमावस री रात
जे में पूछतो यां मूंग्रम्मारी कित्तो काळो है
तद भी
यै कैवता हंस'रहवीमा !

## IN THE COUNTRY OF THE NEUTRALS

Right at noon
when the mid-day sun
was flinging flaming coals
from the sky, I asked him:
Isn't it very hot today?
Sneeringly he replied:
Let it be!

If, in the pitch dark of night
I ask him:
Isn't it impossibly dark?
He would nonetheless reply gloatingly:
Let it be!

तयायो मनै

यां नै कोई सरोकार कोनी

सियाळी री ठंड सूं

उन्हाळी री तपत सूं

फागण चैत री

हवा सूं

चौमासै री विरखा सूं

वसंत-पतभड़ में

जिलती-भड़ती फूलां सूं

नित रैविश्यि कांटां सूं!

वै तटस्य है
साव तटस्य
ग्रादमी री जिदगाणी ग्रर मौत मूंभी
यां रै भां मूं
कीं भी हुवो
पण हुवो जरूर

ये तो जागाँ यम श्रेक ई यात जो कीं भी हुवगों है हुवैला...हुवैला...हुवैला... I find he is concerned
neither with the coldness of winter
nor with the heat of summer
nor with the winds of Fagan and Chait<sup>1</sup>
nor with the rains of the rainy season
nor with the blooming flowers of spring
nor with the fading ones of autumn
nor with the ever-living thorn!

He is neutral
wholly neutral
about the life and death of Man.
As far as he is concerned
anything untoward may happen.
But happen it will!

He understands only one point: What is to happen is sure to happen, will happen, happen inevitably!

<sup>1.</sup> The two months of late spring and early summer.



SATYA PRAKASH JOSHI (b 1926), born and bred at Jodhpur, is a major Rajasthani poet with a number of publications to his credit. His books Radha, Deeva Kanpai Kyun, Bambi, Laskhar Na Thamai and Bol Bharmali, have brought him great honour and fame. The National Sahitya Akademy adjudged his Bol Bharmali as the best Rajasthani book of 1977 and gave him the highest award of poetry.

Mr Joshi is also known as an editor and translator. He edits the literary journal *Haraval* (which he himself founded) from Bombay where he works as Professor in a local college. He lives at 37-Marve Road, Malad, Bombay-64.

#### ग्ररज

नारव माना मीम निवाजे, धो वर दीजे मन री बालां मैज मुग्गाजे, धागर दीजे

रादय प्रकास की मृत तुहायें मध्या की स्मृतियां बगा जायें स्मान निमंद संबंदा में सार्व वाली ! को किरियायर कीजे

प्रामा मूं सबदा में मिरजू मबदा मूं जब पीड़ा परमूं गढ़ प्रमुद सबद मूं निरमू सबदा माही पादर दीजे

सवरा मूं भारी तुल जाऊं सबरा मूं मूंपी विक जाऊं सबदा में जीऊं, मर जाऊ सबदा से प्रामीतर दीजे

मारद माता मीम निवार्क, श्रो वर दीजे सन जी वार्ता मैंज मुचार्क, श्रासर दीजे

#### **PRAYER**

Bless me, O, Goddess Sharda, Bless me! Bless me with right words, and an easy pen!

May my words echo the deeper feelings!
May my words turn into general sayings!
May my words wrap wisdom in them!
O Goddess! Help me in this mission of mine.

May I endow words with blood!

May I reveal the pangs of life through words!

May I scan beauty and untruth through words!

May you, O Goddess, add charm to my words!

May I prove heavier than words!
May I prove dearer than words!
May I have my being and death in words!
May I have my next life in words!

Bless me, O Goddess Sharda, Bless me! Bless me with right words and an easy pen!

### दीया पतंगा रा दूहा

#### बीयो :

यानी कामा कूंपळी, रंग विरंगा रंग भणवोला मणयुक्तिया, थे वयू बळो पतंग

#### पतंगो :

मोनल बरगी देहड़ी, हिबड़े छिलके नेह दीवा म्होने रोक मत, रगतां पीछी देह

#### दोवो :

बळ-बळ घूजळ होवगो, दोरो म्हारी नेम थे मोळा वयुं रीभग्या, किणसुं करियो प्रेम

#### पतंगो:

पैतां जे विलगातियों, श्रयं न मायो पूण दीवा यूं जीवां नहीं, मरियां मिलसी जुसा

#### रीयो :

बहित्यां कर्द न यानजी, कटण घणा है काळ काया कममम कापनी, जद लामैली फाळ

# THE MOTH AND THE LAMP: A CONVERSATION

#### The Lamp:

You are tender like new leaves you wear many hues, unknown, you never spoke to me, why burn yourself, dear moth, in vain?

#### The Moth:

True, my body is golden, love overflows my heart, don't rob me, O lamp, of this chance of dyeing my body in flame.

#### The Lamp:

I do two works at a time; burning defines and refines me, both; To whom have you lost your little heart, dear, who have you come to love?

#### The Moth:

I wish you had forewarned me but now it is too late, death, death alone is my destiny I must meet my fate.

#### The Lamp:

Listen! none returns from the land of flames, this is a very severe test, your frail body will quiver, I know when close to the fiery target.

### पतंगी:

यारी घोळूं गायतां, सह मीनो दिन दाफ बज-बज मीतळ होवस्यां, घणी उधीकी मांफ

### दोवो :

महे तो वळवळ जानिया, थे बळ जास्यो सोय धो जीवमा रंग रानम्मो, के करस्यो यूंगोय

### पतंगो:

हिबड़े कीयो चामणी, ऊपर देवो सीम यळ-यळ पाळां श्रीताती, थे ई काढी लीक

### टीवो :

समकाया मानो नहीं, काळां रेखी फाग कार्ल बळणों फेर है, विन म्हारा दिन भाग

### पतंगो :

भव हुई विश्वती करां, सांभ पटण री देर नयो जलग ले प्रावस्मां, कालै बळवा फेर

#### The Moth:

I have passed the flaming day singing in praise of you, in fire I'll cool my nerves, I await that evening, by you!

### The Lamp:

When I burn I am alive, if you burn you will die, life is precious, dear angel, finish it not for a pie.

#### The Moth:

First you kindled light in my heart now you teach me this! Love is best when burning, you said, and you set this path for all-

### The Lamp:

You have learnt nothing from me still: go if you wish, play with flames, my fate is clear and assured: next day I am to be in flames.

### The Moth:

Let the evening come I'll pray for the end of this life, the new birth I'll have again only to die in red flames.

## जागण रो गीत

मींच मांखड़ियां कर ग्रंथारों मत ग्रंथारों सही जागता रही ताकता रही जागता रही

सपनां रा राजा चंदरमा, इमरत पी मर जासी सोना री जागीरां खोकर सै तारा घर जासी छिण मैं उठसी रैणादे रा काळा पड़दा चन्नाणां री किरणां सूं ठगणी छींया डर जासी नवी जात मैं राख मरोसो नवी का'िंग्यां कहों जागता रहां

### BE OPEN-EYED

Don't close your eyes and invite darkness rather be careful be watchful be open-eyed. Soon the beautiful moon, the king of the sky, will drink up his heavenly dews and die-The stars, the little lords denuded of their scattered wealth will go back home and sigh. The blinds will be undrawn and then the crafty darkness will not face the glare of the rising sun-Have faith in new feats spin new tales be open-eyed don't go stale.

सीटी रो सरणाटो बाजै, मील मजूरी वालां वेतां में पंछीड़ा बोलै, हळ रा ठाट संमाळां हाट हटड़ियां खोलां, दिन री बाळद आई मैरात भूखी रहै न कालै, इसो जमानो पाळां डगै है सोना रो सूरज मत श्राळस मैं वहो जागता रहो When the siren calls, rush to the mill when the birds sing, go to the fields open new marts, open new fairs the wares are in, bright and fair.

Let us make a brave new world where hunger doesn't haunt the toil.

The golden sun is rising up, up, up don't be idle be careful be watchful be open-eyed.



TEJ SINGH JODHA (b 1950) was born at Ransisar, Nagaur. He had his M. A. degree from Rajasthan University, Jaipur. Among the poets of post-independence era, Mr. Jodha is one of those few who talk of Rajasthani language and literature with love and pride. His book Onlun Ri Olyan is inspired by the happy memories of his grandfather. This book is half-nostalgic and half-critical. He also edited Rajasthani Ek, Deeth, and Hemani.

These days he lectures on Hindi literature at Mohta College, Sadulpur (Churu).

## पीणो सांप

चेती चेती के यांरी छाती माथे कुंडाळो घाल'र नासां सा'रें फण साध्यां बैठो है पीएो सांप पीबे मासा, मरोसी ग्रर सांस

पोछड़ी जद श्रो
पूंछ रो फटकारो देय'र जावैला
तद थांने देस श्रर श्राजादी रो
श्ररथ समक्ष में श्रावैला

हतमाग कै मौड़ो हुय जावैला मोड़ो हुय जावैला

### THE DRINKING SNAKE

Beware, the drinking snake sits coiled up masterfully upon your chest, close to the nostrils, with his hood held erect; he drinks up your language, faith, and breath.

Leaving, he will whip you with his tail. You will, then, come to know what freedom, and the country means?

Alas, by then you will be late alarmingly late!

<sup>(</sup>The poem is based on a belief that the snake of a 'Peevana' i. e. 'drinking' kind comes at night and manages to sit quietly on the chest of the sleeper. It exhales poison which the sleeper, unconsciously, draws in. And finally the sleeper dies.)

# ओळूं री ओळ्यां

तूबेळा दे गोफण में भाटै ज्यूं वायो मन्तें सै म्हारा म्हां सूं भाजे हुं वरनाटा द्यूं जुन्तें

टांचा लाग्योड़ी ठोडां ज्यूं गूंद वर्ण वांठां में बीयां रिस पीड़ा भेळी ह्वै छंदां रै ग्रांटां में

पीड़ीजूं पोलै कांकड़ ज्यूं ऊंदरिया विल घालै कै श्रोळूं कीड़ीनगरो मनड़ै नैं चूंटै चालै

x x X

## BAD TIMES HAVE THROWN ME\*

Bad times have thrown me like a stone from a sling, the more I run to woo friends the more they fly n fling.

As the cuts in a tree ooze and make the golden gum, my wounded heart is oozing and tying strands of pretty tunes.

When I see the burrows of rats in forests that aren't dense, my memories, like ants, ply back and eat my heart that's tense.

 $\times$   $\times$   $\times$ 

यारे जावा रै पच्छै थारो म्हारो करवा में लाग्या सगळा, नीं घापै चरायापै नैं भरवा में

म्हारी पांती में म्रोळूं भाषे रैगी, हूं घीज्यो मनें चाइजै कीं नीं यै सै कीं गिर्ण-गिर्ण लीज्यो Grandpa, you have gone to heaven and they are busy saying: 'this mine, that thine' fighting for their rights.

I have nothing but sweet memories as my share and my joy, you quibblers, count all bits even lick up the tiniest toy.

<sup>\*</sup> From his book Onlun Ri Olyan.



VISHWANATH SHARMA 'VIMLESH' (b 1927) is the most well-known Rajasthani writer both among the scholars and the laymen. He writes not only smoothly and ingeniously but also entertainingly. In the province of humour and satire, he reigns supreme with an impressive number of books to his credit. His well-known books are: Satapakavani; Chhedakhani; Kucharani; Tasakoli; Nav Ras Main Ras Hasya; and Janta Ko Darbar.

He is also the recipient of the Rajasthan Sahitya Akademy award for his Ram Katha.

His Hindi books include *Shakuntala*; *Kuchh Hansana*. *Kuchh Rona*; and *Vedana*. His four new books in Rajasthani are ready for publication.

He teaches Hindi at Seth Moti Lal College, Jhunjhunu.

# दोस्त की सलाह

एक जिगरी दोस्त—

मनैं श्राकर के वोत्यो—'विमलेस'

लाग ववळ-ववळ के श्राप श्रापका भेस

ववळ दियो पूरे को पूरो देस

एक ही भटके में कोई ऊपर चढ्यो है

तो कोई नीचे पड़्यो है

परा तूं यार वठ को वठ खड्यो है!

तूं मी कोई नयो फिड़को त्या

चुनाव नहीं लड़ सक्यो तो कोई वात नहीं

ऐंया ही कोई चालती पून सें लड़

ऊपर नहीं चढ़ सक्यो तो नीचे ही पड़!

परा एक जगां खड़्यो मत रह

नहीं तो पिछतावंगो

क्यं के, ऐंयां को जमानू वार-वार नहीं श्रावंगो!

### FRIENDLY ADVICE

Drawing me close,

my bosom friend said:

"Vimlesh! People have changed the complex of this

[ country merely by changing clothes, some have gone up in one stroke and some gone down but you, my friend, are where you were!

You, too, should begin a new stunt.

It doesn't matter if you couldn't contest the election.

Go headlong against the flowing current just for the fun of it,

if go up you couldn't, then go down!

otherwise, you are bound to feel sorry

for such chances are rare in life!

But don't stand fixed

यार देवतो सही समै की रफ्तार जांक नाम से घरती कांपती, म्राज वे खुद कांपर्था है ! या के होई, क्यूं होई ? या भी तो नहीं भाषर्या है ! एक ही चूटकी जो कर्या लागां सामां जेळां में बंद ! कलम बंद, जुवान बंद ! ऐंया को कर दियो पूरो देस निस्पंद ! वांके भी माग्य का सितारा पडगा मंद वयं के चुनाय के बयत एक-एक दिन में वै करएमा बीस बीम बौरा पीछे भी बांकी सतरंज का उसडगा सारा ही मौरा श्रीर जो जेळां में गत्या द्दिन का यपेड़ा वै राष्ट्रपति मवन में बांटरवा है पेडा ! है मानर ही सनी कहं हं कै देम बदळनां देर नीं लागै भाग को वेरो नहीं यो कद सोबै, कद जागै न् तो ममभदार है, कवि है मृत्योदी माग मैं भी जगा मक है कोई की दिल में लेकर दिमांग में ग्राम लगा मर्क है ! ती लगा, सड़यों के देसे है ? हा बोल, बोल कुछ हो बोल, लिया एक होल चीर कुछ नहीं तो हार्योर्ड नेतावां का पोल सील

Dear friend! See the moving hand of Time.

They are in jitters whose names gave the earth the

[ shivers-

How has it happened?

And why so?

They themselves cannot surmise.

Those who sent millions of persons to jail at one blow, gagged their mouths, muzzled their pen, and unnerved the whole country—
their star of fortune too has faded in a wink, for, during the election days they hopped about scores of places each day and in their absence, the same time, their well-arranged chess-board went upside down; and those who suffered the buffets of misfortune in jails are now giving away sweets in the Rashtrapati Bhawan!

That's why I tell you:

Time changes in a jiffy.

Nobody knows when fate sleeps, and when she awake. You are a wise man, a poet who can wake up even slumberous fate, who can ignite fire in the head as well in the heart. Then fire a shot! Why wait?

Well, speak out. Fetch a drum.

If nothing else, unmask the discredited, the damned.

था, राजनीति के मैदान में था पीकर के घोड़ी सी भांग, ठोककर के जांग पांयना मार करके लगा एक छनांग नुं भी तेरै ब्रिभियन सैं इस्तीफो मांग ! ब्रोफेमरां का दो गृट बगा करके ब्रापस में निहादे श्चर भठीनै छोरां से हड़ताल करवादे ! श्रौर दूर गड्यो देखवी कर तमासा के कठीन पड़र्मा है जीत का पासा ! जीत होतां ही बठीने ही कुदण्या धीर बनां ने समभा दे कै भाषा में तो पैत्यां ही कुदू होर्यो थी पग् कृद नहीं समयो ! नयूं के मेरी जुबान दांतां के बीच में फंसरी थी भीर मेरी कुर्सी रोजीना पांच फुट नीचे घंसरी थी ! की बगत में कैयां करती न्याय की मांग कुमीं के ही बंधरी की मेरी दोन्यूं टांग ! श्रव तो घमां ही होर्यो है घोती पगु गैर देर प्रवेर जद भी छोड्यायो चोमो"

"Come, my dear, come to the open field of politics have a little bhang, slam your thighs, roll up your pants, and leap upon your Principal to resign, divide the professors into groups and make them fight. On the other hand, coax the students to strike. Stand aloof, watch the fun. and see which way the cat jumps! Then join the winning side and put across your point of view saying 'I was, dear, about to jump over but failed to do so as my tongue was intercepted by the teeth and my chair, each day, sank deep and deep. How could I, that time, cry for justice since my own legs, round the chair, were tied. Now I have no more any illusion. Well, better late than never'.

इतणी बातां मुग्गकै बै तनै राजी सुमी मिला लेबै तो मिलज्याये नहीं तो श्रीर कठीनै पिलज्याये ! सुमी कै बरात कोई ममी घोड़ी ही है इ देम में पाटियां की कमी थोड़ी ही है !

हां बता तो मही घर में बात कितणाक श्रोफेसर है तेरे साम चुनाय भी करवायों तो जाळी बोट गिरवा सकैगों के ? कोई मुंडां बुन्हां से दोम्ती है के नहीं कठ नकली गोळी चलया मकैगों के ? परम मुंडा टाया होणा चाये, विस्थासी जो श्रायां बिना हो भागज्या या जीव जाप के ही मार के भागज्या परम मां=यागी सेरे नहीं लागज्या ! "Hearing these arguments
they should accept you in their fold without much fuss
if not, bump into some other camp!
Doleful tunes cannot mar our happy times.
Here is God's plenty, parties in our land!

Let me know the truth, in good faith,
how many Professors are with you?
In case we go in for election
will they or will they not contrive to get a few fake votes?
What's about your equation with the goondas?
Will they or will they not manage some mock-firing
[anywhere?

But see to it
that the goondas are skilled, trustworthy,
who can take to heels before the police come
who can hit the jeep or any other article
and run out of sight.
All through you should stay undurt in this operation!

वेग मर्ट या तो राजनीति है

दे में सब काम करणा पट्टै

यराणा भी पट्टै घर हरणा भी पट्टै

गोळी नाग्यां पीछ जीतो रैण्टू पट्टै

घर बिना नाग्यां मरणो पट्टै !

या तो मार्ट राजनीति है

दे में सब काम करणा पट्टै !

सो कर

छोड़ के स्तर, मलां ही नीचे उत्तर

पण एक जगां राज्यों मत रह

नहीं तो पिछनावैगी

वयूं के ऐंया को जमानूं यार बार-बार नहीं आवैगो।"

"Brother! This is politics
and we have to do work of all kinds.
We threaten others; get threatened in return,
we have to stay alive with bullets in our bodies,
and also
we have to die without a bullet in us.
This is politics, dear,
we have to do work of all kinds.
You too should follow this.
Leave your heights
and come down below.
Don't stand fixed, however.
Otherwise you are bound to feel sorry
for such chances are rare in life!"

<sup>1.</sup> Refers to Shri Raj Narain.

## हिन्दी दिवस पै भासण

हिन्दी दिवस के उपलक्ष में साहित्य-परिषद को समापती सन्ते मासगा देणने युक्तवायों भर मेरी पूर्णतां ही मन्ते त्यारों लें'र समभायों बोल्यों-'देगों, बैगां तो थे बात बात में प्रंगरेजी भाइता रो' वापड़ी हिन्दी की टांग उत्पादता रो' पगा श्राज तो हिन्दी दिवस है सो पूरों ही मासगा हिन्दी में दियों'

में बोल्यो-मा के बात कही, 'विलीव मी' 'बाड गाँड'
में मेरी पूरी 'नाइफ' मेंएक 'बडें' मी इंगलिश की 'यूज' नहीं कर्षो है
नूं भूठ्याणी क्यूं डर्बो है ?'

मुणतां ही वो बोल्यो-राम, राम राम ! ये 'लाइफ', ये 'वर्ड', ये 'यूज', ये सबद श्रापका है !

## A LECTURE ON THE HINDI DIVAS

On the Hindi Divas<sup>1</sup>
The President of the Sahitya Parishad<sup>2</sup>
asked me very cordially to give a lecture.
On my arrival he took me aside and said:
Look, day in and day out
you use English words in conversation
and very often knock down poor Hindi, with great gusto-

I said: What do you mean?
'Believe me', 'By God'
I have never made 'Use' of an English 'Word'
in my whole 'Life'.
Why should you fear me for nothing?

Hearing this, he was amazed and he muttered: Good Heavens!
This 'Life', this 'Word', this 'Use'—are they yours?

में कही-नहीं तो के अंगरेजों के बाप का है ? यो मी बरम पैल्यों वे म्हानै देगा था अर जाता के पाछा लेगा था ? कोई भी चीज भीत प्रेम सें ली जायें अर लियोड़ी पाछी नहीं दी जायें।

भोत वरमां पैत्यां—
राजा महाराजा महारे बहुकां ने जमीन दी
राजा भी मोया था. बहुका भी मोथा था
गयुं तो ये दी, ग्रर नयूं ये ली
ग्राठीन राजा गया, ग्रठीन जमीन गई
येया पट्टा था न्यारा न्यारा
पण राजा श्रर जमीन,
दोन्युं ही होगा राम का प्यारा !

तो तूं आ गोरी-कै भागा के मामले में भी-में वा ही गळती करूं आ गळती एक पट्यो लिस्यो नहीं कर सकै माना का मबद, श्राकाम को घरम है सबद श्रमर है, मबद नहीं मर सकै! 'Are they then Englishmen's or of their forebears?'
[ I quipped.

These words they gave us two hundred years ago did they withdraw them while going back home? A gift, behold, is accepted with a deep sense of love and once accepted never parted with.

Long long ago
the kings gave away lands to my forefathers
the kings were dunderheads, my forefathers dolts.
Why did they give, and why did they take?
On the one hand, the kings bundled off
on the other, the lands
(although each agreement was separate).
Finally, kings and lands have both gone to the blue!

You think
I shall repeat the same mistake
in the province of language too!
An educated person cannot make such mistakes.
The words of a language belong to the vast expanse

[ of the sky.

Words are eternal; words are undying.

है मातर प्रंग्नेजी की हिन्मनेरीं
गर्छ में उतर करके, मूं ही तर्छ प्रथमी है
यस घोड़ी सी बचमी है!
एक बात घौर-हम उस देस के बासी हैं
जी देम का लोग, मार्ग्म पीग्मै घर प्रचासी में
कदे ही घोटा नहीं दिया
के बेरी के के माया है!
प्रर विना दकार लियां प्रनामा है।

ये तो सबद है सबद, में धंग्रेजी का सबद गार्जगा, पनावूंगा है गातर भाषा, हिन्दी दिवस नहीं, 'बैरी प्रोंकली' 'हिन्दी है' मनाजंगा। Therefore the English dictionary

—a thin part of it is left now—
is already down my throat, has gone right upto the navel!
One thing more. We belong to that country
where people in matter of eating, drinking, and digesting
have never lagged behind!
God knows what stuff they have eaten!
Eaten & without an open pronouncement assimilated too!

These are only words, poor words. I will eat these English words and digest them too. For their sake, dear 'un, I shall, 'very frankly', celebrate not the Hindi Divas but 'HINDI DAY'.

<sup>1</sup> Day.

<sup>2</sup> Literary Association.

Note: The words in single inverted commas are used in the original poem as such.

